

VALIANT PROPHET

A Biography of Sherwood Eddy

By Kirby Page

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CONTENTS

chapters	words
1. Sixty Years on the March	2,000
2. What Manner of Man is Sherwood Eddy?	8,000
3. A Joyous Youth	3,000
4. Sharing With the Students and Masses of India	7,000
5. Evangelistic Campaigns in Asia	7,000
6. Among the Students of Other Lands	3,000
7. In the British and American War Camps	2,000
8. Helping to Finance the Worldwide Expansion of the Young Men's Christian Association	2,000
9. Challenging the Students of the United States	5,000
10. Seeking the Application of the Christian Gospel to the Whole of Life	5,000
11. Struggling With the Problem of War and Peace	3,000
12. Taking American Leaders to Europe	2,000
13. Wielding the Might of the Pen	5,000
14. At Home in the Invisible World of the Spirit	8,000
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	62,000

## SIXTY YEARS ON THE MARCH

Enthusiasm will <sup>be kindled in</sup> ~~ignite~~ you from reading the record of Sherwood Eddy, ~~only~~ exhilaration over being alive. An intimate friendship with him will enable you to face the future with added zest, keener purpose, more courage, and deeper joy. When you lay down the book, you will exclaim, with Dick Edwards, "Ye gods! what a man!"

Biography is a channel into your life. The influence of one person upon another is fully of mystery. In an amazing way, the printed page makes it possible to know a man <sup>thoroughly</sup> ~~intimately~~. And the more dynamic the individual, the heavier the impact made upon you. In literal truth, you can scarcely remain the same after you have come to know Sherwood Eddy.

It is the conclusion of Reinhold Niebuhr, who has been one of his closest friends for thirty years, that "there was and is a highly unique combination of qualities and interests in the man which would mark him out in any culture or any age." Senator Paul H. Douglas, who has known Dr. Eddy since <sup>his own</sup> undergraduate days at Bowdoin, writes, "He ~~was~~ is a knight errant of the moral life and has been a powerful factor for enlightenment and justice."

Norman Thomas says, "All during the years I have tried to follow his many lines of activity, sometimes with wonder and awe. I should imagine that Eleanor <sup>Roosevelt</sup> ~~would~~ be his only <sup>rival</sup> ~~peer~~ in energy, in general, and specifically in ability to get around in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people." Bishop Paul Jones <sup>wrote,</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~seldom~~ <sup>that</sup> any one has made so many real personal connections with people all over the world, and certainly not many who have so intimately touched the lives of so many people." A humorous touch is given by Gale Seaman, "He has been present at so many turning points in history that his friends say, with twinkle-in-eye, 'they held the crisis <sup>is</sup> till Sherwood got there.'"

# The BELLINGHAM HOTEL

J. J. O'ROURKE  
Manager



Bellingham  
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2

referring to Walter M. Horton, in ~~recalling~~ the generation that fought the First World War, wrote, "No one who went to student conferences or church mass meetings in those days could be in any doubt as to who the real leaders of American Christendom were. Their names were Mott, Speer, Eddy - the inevitable three to call upon when a Christian movement was to be launched or a national convention held."

Samuel McCrea Cavert pays this tribute, "Of all the people whom I have known, there is none who seems to me to deserve the title of Christian crusader quite as much as Sherwood Eddy. Ever since my student days, he has been to me a shining example of selfless devotion and burning enthusiasm in the service of the Christian movement. The impression which he made upon me at the student conferences at Northfield around 1910 has never left me."

Upton Sinclair writes, "He just happens to have a combination of all the things that I admire." James ~~Myers~~ Myers says, "Over the years he has been 'as a wonder to many.'" Clarence E. Pickett speaks of "his indomitable energy, his unconquerable <sup>concern</sup> for the spirits and bodies of men, and his abiding optimism in the face of serious odds. His life has been a constant inspiration to me." And Adrian Lyon believes that "only the Divine Historian" can properly record Dr. Eddy's <sup>doings</sup> ~~achievements~~.

Phillips P. Moulton testifies, "At the age of sixteen, I attended a meeting where Eddy spoke on the topic, 'Christianity - From What to What.' During the meeting, I made the decision to become a Christian. This brought me into conflict with my immediate family, but opened up a whole new range of living."

Visit our Beautiful San Juan Room



When Dr. Eddy reached the age of sixty and announced his retirement from the Y, a testimonial dinner to him was attended by some hundreds of old friends. On the program for the occasion was printed these words:

And there is gallant Sherwood Eddy. Of all the knights he is the most bold, most glad and best beloved. Unto him there is none like nor parallel. Full many a Castle of Wrong did he storm from his own demesne to the far off lands of Ind, Zanzibar, Sinim, and the heights of Turkestan. Right valiantly he fought until there was no tyrant who had not felt the point of his lance and no good cause which did not owe him meed. The legend goes that where his foot touch<sup>ed</sup> the desert, springs of water gushed forth, and from his footsteps on the hills sprang anon flowers that no winder cold could destroy. Full many a marvel he wrought, making the blind to see and the wicked to become good.

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After Philips Andover and Yale, and between Union Seminary and <sup>Mr.</sup> Princeton Seminary, Eddy traveled for the Student Volunteer Movement. He then spent fifteen years in India, without salary, working with students and doing evangelistic work with the masses. He studied the Tamil language, perhaps the most difficult in all India, and learned to speak it with ease and facility. When a friend inquired how he did it, Sherwood replied in words of Scripture, "Balaam struck the dumb ass, and he spoke!"

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(over)

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J. J. O'ROURKE  
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## Chapter 1

### SIXTY YEARS ON THE MARCH

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At sixty Dr. Eddy retired from the Association and devoted himself to independent speaking and writing. He has spoken in hundreds of colleges and universities in all sections of this country, and has continued his periodic campaigns in other lands.

Through the years he has been a voluminous writer, producing thirty-six books and ~~many~~ <sup>616+9</sup> pamphlets, with numerous articles. In 1896 he began the practice of sending long accounts of his experiences to friends and the supporters of his causes.

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During six decades of continuous travel, <sup>he</sup> ~~Eddy~~ has faced dangers at sea from storm, typhoon, shipwreck, and submarine attack. He has been under fire at the war front, and many times was in places under bombardment from the air. He has worked in plague areas and under famine conditions. For years the deadly cobra was a familiar sight in the mission compound where he lived. Long was he subjected to the tropical weather of South India, where it is hot for three months of the year and hotter for the remaining nine.

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Rabbi Louis Witt ~~was~~ made this evaluation,

With what sort of yardstick can one measure your life? By length? It covers seventy years (now 83). By breadth? It covers the earth from end to end. By depth? It reaches down to the nethermost foundations on which rest all that makes life worth living. By any measure, your's has been a blessed life. I close with the traditional Hebrew toast: ad meah shonoh - unto a hundred years!

James A. Mitchell wrote,

Sometimes I wonder whether any man in our generation has had a career as varied and interesting and purposeful as yours.

Bernard and Elizabeth Clausen sent these lines,

There is a Continental Divide  
Marked on the map of our lives.

It is the point where Sherwood Eddy met us,  
And began to show us  
The wide world beyond  
Our little horizons.

Beyond that Divide  
All the streams of our lives  
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one of a multitude who are indebted to you for a spiritual quickening, social vision, and purpose to share in the making of a world brotherhood. Harry N. Holmes put it this way, "You have always traveled around the world like a man with a torch. And as men and women on the continents have heard your message they have lighted their torches from your's." And Hollingsworth Wood exclaimed, "It is a continual wonder to me, this evidence of the outbreak of divine fire in human lives."

Rabbi Louis Witt made this evaluation,

With what sort of yardstick can one measure your life? By length? It covers seventy years (now 83). By breadth? It covers the earth from end to end. By depth? It reaches down to the nethermost foundations on which rest all that makes life worth living. By any measure, your's has been a blessed life. I close with the traditional Hebrew toast: *ad meah shenoh* - unto a hundred years!

James A. Mitchell wrote,

Sometimes I wonder whether any man in our generation has had a career as varied and interesting and purposeful as yours.

Bernard and Elizabeth Clausen sent these lines,

There is a Continental Divide  
Marked on the map of our lives.

It is the point where Sherwood Eddy met us,  
And began to show us  
The wide world beyond  
Our little horizons.

Beyond that Divide  
All the streams of our lives  
Took on new directions.

## Chapter 2

### WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS SHERWOOD EDDY?

This chapter might appropriately come at the end of the story of Sherwood Eddy's career. It is put here with the expectation that it will increase interest and heighten anticipation of the detailed accounts of his doings. Then, too, the book should close with an exploration of his religious experience, for he is first, last, and all the time a man of God.

Two contrasting types of biography are often encountered. The first is all praise, and the second is all debunking. If the record of Dr. Eddy is to make its full impact upon the reader, he must be known as a real person, with great strength and much weakness, with many achievements and ~~many~~ frequent failures. An effort is being made to avoid what sometimes is done, to enumerate a few faults and then attempt to explain them away. No, Sherwood <sup>Eddy</sup> ~~Dr.~~ deserves to be pictured as he is. Thus this endeavor to portray him faithfully, "warts and all." To the degree that this is actually done, the reader will be unable to escape the magnetic pull of his personality. For, make no mistake about it, ~~Sherwood Eddy~~ <sup>he</sup> is one of the really great souls of this generation.

Anyone who reads much biography realizes that God <sup>often</sup> has to work with poor timber in building his kingdom on earth, frequently using lumber which was in the dry-kiln too short a time and has become warped and twisted, and sometimes an otherwise good plank which is marred by knotholes, and often the boards are too thin and too narrow and too short, and many times he faces the ravages wrought by termites. It was St. Paul who reminded the early church that not many wise were

called, and not many mighty. And he himself was known to utter a curse against those who differed with his own opinions.

It is a sobering and yet exhilarating experience to reflect unhurriedly upon the men chosen by Jesus to be his companions and the transmitters of his message to oncoming generations. Not one of them could sign himself, Ph. D. There was not a consecrated priest or an ordained minister among them. You look there in vain for a genius in science, or a financier under whose touch everything turns to money, or a potentate with mighty power. The only office-holder in the lot had been a despised tax-collector in the pay of the enemy. The only military man included probably had been a Zealot in the army of rebellion. All the twelve came from the ~~amphar~~-arets, the people of the land who failed to observe the ceremonial laws and were therefore looked upon as accursed by the orthodox. They were fishermen, artisans, peasants, consumed with the business of keeping themselves and their families alive. Even after they had walked with Jesus, they quarreled about chief places in the kingdom; they went to sleep during the crisis when he needed them most; once they wanted to burn down a village; one of them denied with oaths that he even knew the master; one of them betrayed him with a kiss. Yet these are the men selected and trusted by Jesus with the responsibility of continuing his work. Off in a remote corner of the Roman Empire, these obscure followers of a Lord who had been crucified as an enemy of the community began to turn the world upside down and swerved history into new channels.

John Wesley was one of the great Christians of all time, but he made a miserable failure of his marriage, treating his wife as an inferior, and saying that as he lived for Christ, she must live for him. George Fox the Quaker made an imperishable contribution to succeeding generations, but he was often cantankerous, quarrelsome and rude. Winston Churchill is considered one of the greatest statesmen of the centuries, but he was so blinded by passion and prejudice that ~~he said, "It is alarming and~~ "It is alarming and also nauseating to see Mr. Gandhi striding half naked up the steps of the Viceregal palace... to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King Emperor." And the saintly ~~man~~ Gandhi ruled his own household with an iron hand, <sup>often</sup> making decisions with complete <sup>of</sup> ~~disregard~~ the wishes of his wife and children.

*periods of*  
 Listen to the conversation <sup>5</sup> of friends who have known Sherwood Eddy long and intimately and they will speak of (1) his tendency to paint in blacks and whites, with not enough use of shades in between; (2) his ~~exaggeration~~ exaggeration in public address; (3) his lack of logic in presentation, and over stimulus of emotion; <sup>7</sup> (4) his extreme war-mindedness and use of atrocity stories; his reversals of position <sup>8</sup> on war and peace; (9) his ~~isolationism~~ relegation of women to a second-class position in his thinking; <sup>4</sup> (10) his habit, common to itinerants, of endless repetition year after year, especially of favorite illustrations; <sup>5</sup> (11) his readiness to dogmatize with insufficient evidence; <sup>6</sup> (12) the ease with he blows hot and then <sup>10</sup> cold, ~~turning~~ turning swiftly from one burning passion to another; (13) his extreme concentration on <sup>his own projects</sup> ~~his own projects~~ and <sup>the</sup> ~~concerns~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~concerns~~ ignoring the ~~concerns~~ of those around him; and even ~~those~~ <sup>individuals</sup> who are sympathetic with his psychic research sometimes speak of his excessive credulity.



Listen ~~to~~ to the conversations of friends who have known Dr. Eddy long and intimately and you will hear them speaking of (1) his tendency to paint in blacks and whites, with not enough use of shades in between; (2) his exaggeration in public address; (3) his lack of logic and shallowness in presentation, and <sup>undue</sup> ~~too~~ stimulus of emotion; (4) his habit, common to itinerants, of endless repetition year after year, especially of favorite illustrations; (5) his readiness to dogmatize with insufficient evidence; (6) the ease with which he blow<sup>s</sup> hot and goes cold, turning swiftly from one burning passion to another; (7) his periods of war-mindedness and use of atrocity stories; (8) his reversals of position on war and peace; (9) his relegation of women to a second-class position in his thinking; (10) his extreme concentration on his own projects <sup>often</sup> and the ignoring of the concerns of those around him; (11) and even individuals who are sympathetic with his psychic research sometimes speak of his excessive credulity.

91

Even in his early days in India, he was known for his quick shifts of position. Louis Hieb writes,

Occasionally Sherwood's devotion outran his good judgment. Appearing on one occasion at bur home with bloodshot eyes and sans eyeglasses, I asked did he break them. No, but he believed the Lord meant him to see without artificial aid! How could he see? Well, he confined his reading to one verse per diem from the Bible and meditated on that. Of course, he soon discovered the difference between faith and presumption, but unfortunately he had thrown away the glasses. During his honeymoon at Kodaikanal, the newly weds met a persuading Plymouth Brethren, who somehow induced Sherwood and his bride, of good Church of England upbringing, to be immersed! Sherwood then had printed "for private circulation" a brochure explaining his "re-baptism".

Many letters have come from old friends which are both appreciative and critical. Only one comment has <sup>a harsh</sup> ~~unconstructive~~ ring to it, "For reasons which I judge it is neither kind nor necessary to state, I must decline to respond to your request concerning Sherwood Eddy." <sup>judgment</sup> This is the only <sup>word.</sup> comment which I am leaving unidentified. <sup>(A)</sup> Here is a friendly and frank ~~comment~~ from A. H.

Lichty:

3 Your request is one of those so-called \$64 questions, or packages. I would much rather not reply at all. But, I think that would not be fair to you. He impressed me as being a person of unusual ability as a public speaker; had a pleasing personality; was very earnest; and was a very unselfish man, of broad vision. Unfortunately, - in some respects, - he was a contemporary of Dr. John R. Mott, Fletcher Brockman; Bishop Wm. F. McDowell, Robert E. Speer and some other persons of somewhat similar qualities. To me, Sherwood Eddy seemed the least stable and the most vacillating man in the group. He was dramatic and sometimes could almost match the late "Billy" Sunday. ~~Part of this may have been the outgrowth of an inferiority complex resulting from his close association with Dr. John R. Mott and some of the other men mentioned above.~~ Sherwood Eddy merits high commendation for his ideals and his courage. I confidently believe that he tried hard to do what he thought was best.

2 This comment by Frank B. Lenz reflects the feeling of many friends. It is preceded and followed by warm words of appreciation:

In my humble opinion he would have been a greater leader in his day had he stuck to his first love - evangelism. But being an individual of insatiable curiosity he found himself getting tied up with "cause" after "cause", pushing each one with the enthusiasm and fire of a zealot at least for a time and then hopping to something else - whether it was peace, sex, rural reconstruction, socialism, or communication with the dead. Sherwood threw himself into the fray, organized committees and worked like a trooper to convert others to his viewpoint. But he didn't stay put... Sherwood has written many books on world affairs, all of which are transitory in my poor judgment, none of them have the element of timelessness.

1 Few men evaluate Dr. Eddy's work in higher terms than Eugene E. Barnett, but he also says:

To the critical Sherwood was never the profound or convincing interpreter of Christianity which even moderately rigid re-

Dr Helen Fisher speaks of her

"amiable weaknesses." Dr.

Clarence E. Lemmon says,

"I have often thought of Theodore

Roosevelt's characterization

of himself as bettering quite well

the mind of Sherwood Eddy,

'an average mind highly  
energized.' " Few men etc

Dallas 14, Texas

LAKESWOOD HOTEL

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
MANAGER

AIR CONDITIONED



After paying high tribute, Henry Smith Leiper says also:

While I was in China, Sherwood came. I took him about the city of Tientsin in my car and made a number of contacts for him as he studied industrial and other conditions among the Chinese workers. It is typical of him that he was concerned about them and also typical that he hit the high spots and missed some of the qualifying factors, so that his reports were rather distressing to some of us who shared in the investigation on which they were based. To illustrate, one factory making matches showed a tremendous amount of phossey jaw because of the use of raw phosphorus. The doctor in charge of the medical service there was asked by Sherwood how many patients he had a day. The number was given. Afterwards I personally asked, "How many of these are persons who work in the factory?" He said, "Only a small proportion because all their families get medical service free." Sherwood didn't get that point even though I reiterated it to him, and therefore in his report he made it appear that the number of persons affected by the phosphorus was enormous. Actually, by Chinese standards it was rather remarkable that all the members of the family got free treatment, although that isn't to suggest that Sherwood wasn't right in thinking that the use of free phosphorus ~~as~~ a very terrible social evil.



quirements would demand. Moreover, some found disconcerting his all-out emphasis on a new facet of the Gospel each time he came. On one visit he called upon his hearers in the name of patriotism to become Christians. Another time he concentrated his fire on the evils of industrialism and proclaimed a gospel of social justice. Another time he was pointing the way to liberation from the spectral evils of an ill-adjusted sex life. *Hieb*

B

In a letter which reveals a high estimate of Mr. Eddy, Ernest

M. Best includes these lines:

If he sometimes attacked windmills when other opponents were lacking, it detracts nothing from his zeal for battle and The Cause... ~~Starry-eyed with the vision of the Kingdom~~ I graduated at Springfield in 1911. Starry-eyed with the vision of the Kingdom on earth set up by Ruaschenbusch and the new methods of religious education by George Coe and Company, Sherwood was invited, came with dogmatic assertions about the old personal religion of conversion and salvation. I was shocked at finding a top man in the Y. M. C. A. so belated and I was mad enough to kick him. I met him next in England where I was with the Canadian Y. M. C. A. We didn't like his dogmatism and thought his brother Brewer much better. But I was infuriated with his laments over the German civilian casualties by bombing after two years U. S. Silence on German bombing of England. Later I was enraged by his pacifistic mentality - when the freedom of the world was at stake.

A

~~Unusual~~ Hugh C. Stuntz makes this comment:

He came to Evanston to help recruit Y. M. C. A. workers for service with the British forces before America joined in the struggle of the first World War. At that time I was a seminary student at Garrett, and a number of us volunteered. E. E. Voight, now Bishop Voight of the Dakota area of the Methodist Church, and I offered our services. I remember vividly the personal interview we had with Sherwood Eddy in which he declined our offer. Our names were of German derivation, and he was sure that such a fact would make it impossible for the British Y. M. C. A. to use our services! I remember he made a terrific speech that night at a mass meeting in Evanston. He certainly was a fire-eater.

Mr. B. Tartt Bell

*Sheets of*  
~~manuscript~~

~~He is only two personal memories of him~~ the occasion when he debated Howard K. Beal of the University of North Carolina on the platform of the Y. M. C. A. program at State College in Raleigh in February, 1940... It was a fighting speech in which Sherwood gave ~~some~~ three categories of persons who opposed United

Leiper

(A)

Insert H. S. Smith -

Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin bears this witness:

I have often heard him at Northfield. Sometimes with great profit, at other times questioning his positions, but always admiring the fervor and intensity with which he spoke. When he was stirring enthusiasm for World War I, I queried his atrocity stories; when he became a pacifist, I was equally questioning. But one could not be angry with him, his patent sincerity disarmed criticism. One wishes that he might have added more balance to his fervor; but perhaps that would have made him less effective.

Mr. Raymond P. Kaighn sends this illuminating and amusing account:

concern

One time during the First World War when Sherwood came back to Forest Hills from his visits to camps in France and the front trenches, he brought with him a lot of battlefield souvenirs - helmets, fatigue caps, guns, pistols, shells, cartridge cases, socks, etc. He used them in his talks on the horrors of war and when they were moving from their home, Maud turned them all over to me to keep or dispose of. They were put in our attic until house-cleaning time when Mrs. Kaighn found that moths had gotten into the woolen stuff so these with small odds and ends were shoved into the furnace, to be quickly followed by a great BANG! that shook the house, knocked the furnace door nearly off and peppered me with bits of coal and ashes. That night in bed Mrs. Kaighn giggled and said, "that explosion was just like Sherwood. He is an explosive person." and I said, "sure is, he had a way of getting under your skin," as I extracted another bit of coal with my fingernail from my chest.

(B)

Carroll M. Moon says that if he has any weakness it is in the area of his relation to individuals who come for personal help. There was an impression that he was so involved and concerned with great world issues that there was not time for the 'little' problems of the individual.

Dallas 14, Texas

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
MANAGER

AIR CONDITIONED

LAKESWOOD HOTEL



States military forces being sent to Europe. I don't remember specifically the three categories, but you can be assured that any self-respecting man would not want to be caught dead in any one of them. It was a fighting speech, after which he walked off the platform without a single friendly word to Howard Beal.

Dr. Fay C. Campbell provides an appropriate transition from critical to appreciative evaluations of Sherwood Eddy:

Sherwood was a great prophet and wonderful friend. I mean to use both of those descriptive adjectives. He lived at a time when the student and college world had to be aroused. His critics can say that he was not scholarly and that he was always riding a new hobby. Both of these things are true, in a sense, but neither is important. He changed his mind and his position too often. One never knew what he would be saying next. But that was all right too. In a world without any moorings, in a decaying order, he was trying to help others to find the meaning of Jesus' life. And he succeeded because he was always discovering something new himself. He was always growing and learning. The greatest thing ~~about~~ Sherwood ever did for me was his telling of the story of his deep conversion in India when he discovered the meaning of the story about the water which will quench thirst forever. I heard him tell that story many times. It was the ~~secret~~ secret of his life. ~~It was the secret of his life. It was the secret of his life.~~ The social prophet and the personal evangelist - whichever side of him one saw - he was the man who lived on the eternal water which kept him fresh and vigorous. I was helped by Sherwood and am today, because of his unselfishness, teachableness, enthusiasm, courage, Bible-centered devotion. It is food for thought. The three most influential Christian leaders of my student days were laymen - Mott, Speer and Eddy. They were at home in the pulpits of all of our college and university chapels. They led the churches.

HOWARD HOTEL

Sherwood Eddy is a supremely happy man, possessing buoyancy and resilience to an amazing degree. He has always been a joyous person, with the exception of a single period in India which I *will* tell about later. Since college days he has had a message, a sense of mission, an exalted purpose. He has a passion for sharing all this in public address and personal conversation. He has derived much satisfaction from working on his many books, although he does not write easily. To an almost unequalled extent, he has escaped drudgery and monotony. Rarely has he been under the necessity of doing a job which he disliked. <sup>(A)</sup> With a command of his time which *unusual* and with extraordinary inner resources, is ~~was~~ indeed, he has been able to spend his days creatively and joyously. <sup>^</sup> *It* <sup>^</sup> And he has had exceptional good fortune in his homelife. His first wife, Maud Arden, was a woman of deep spiritual power, unselfish to the last degree, and utterly devoted to Sherwood, merging her wishes, her energies and her hours with his in an *amazing* extraordinary way. The story of their marriage has this amusing aspect, at the time Sherwood was an ardent member of a Bachelors' Anti-Matrimonial League ~~in~~ in India, whose members gloried in single blessedness. Old friends like to tell of the occasion when Sherwood first cast his eyes upon her beautiful face. His fall was immediate and flat. It is even rumored that his apostasy led to the dissolution of ~~the~~ Bachelors' ~~League~~ League. Many years later David McConaughy wrote,

It was in our home that you met Maud Arden; and in the Y. M. C. A., across the street, dear old Bishop Bell married you, with my two little daughters as the "flower girls." Later we shared that old Moslem's bungalow, where we had a memorable *gajama* meeting the night Madras shook with earthquake, and the dogs & other beasties made night hideous.

He has never been obliged to earn bread and butter for his family. Sufficient money was inherited from his father, combined with his own ability to obtain gifts for his causes, so that lack of funds has seldom been a barrier.

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LAKESWOOD HOTEL



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MANAGER



Their only son Arden died at the age of fourteen, while away at the Hill School. His funeral was an experience long to be remembered. There was no sign of mourning, the windows were wide open and the sun streamed in. The service was a triumphal refrain from beginning to end. This letter which Sherwood wrote to friends reveals their spirit.

*(include 2/12)*

Later, friends expressed the wish that Maud had broken down and cried herself into exhaustion. For she never got over Arden's going. She brooded over her loss and developed an uncontrollable eagerness to join him in the other world. For years she lived with a sense of expectancy that the end was near.

Their only daughter Margaret was married to George Kerry Smith. Soon after the birth of their son Arden, a blood clot carried Margaret away, thus leaving Maud and Sherwood childless, *but with a precious grandson.*

After Maud's death in 1945 <sup>Eddy</sup>?, Sherwood and Louise Gates were married. <sup>over</sup> ~~Miss Gates had been General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo and Montreal, and of the National Y. W. C. A. of Canada.~~ ~~She is a woman of great ability and unusual~~ <sup>exceptional</sup> strength of character, and is ideally suited to Sherwood. Since <sup>^</sup> *They make their home in Jacksonville, Illinois, where* their marriage they have been inseparable, driving across this country in their car, both of them speaking, and making their foreign tours together. No man really deserves the love of two such women. Thus temperament, circumstances and good fortune have combined to afford <sup>Dr. Eddy</sup> Sherwood maximum opportunity for happiness. And he has made the most of all of them.

*Louise also was a college president*  
*James*  
*where he*  
*better*  
*was*  
*Reuben*  
*McMurry*  
*College*  
*since*

Miss Gates served the Young Women's Christian Association  
in Toledo, then ~~in~~ Rio de Janeiro, ~~in~~ Brazil, ~~on~~ to  
Montreal, and for several years was General Secretary of  
the National Y. W. C. A. of Canada. *She was granted*

*an honorary L.L. II. by her alma  
mater.*

*Dallas 14, Texas*

LAKESWOOD HOTEL

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
MANAGER

AIR CONDITIONED



One of the impressive qualities of Sherwood Eddy is his physical vitality and consequent capacity for sustained activity. He has long been known as a horse for work. I have just spent eight days with him and continue to be astounded at his staying power, at the age of eighty-two. By nature he is gifted with a sturdy body, and by temperament he gets most out of it. Freedom from anxiety, intense interest in what he is doing, an inescapable sense of mission combine to bring ~~zestful~~ <sup>over</sup> <sup>(A)</sup> zestful application.

His boundless energy, and until recently his black hair, have long caused observers to express astonishment when told his age. Until seventy he had much the appearance of a man only fifty. Even more impressive has been the youthful quality of his mind. Never hostile to innovation, yielding ever to insatiable curiosity, constantly moving about in <sup>strange</sup> ~~new~~ places, his enthusiasm for new ideas has <sup>amazement</sup> been a continuing source of ~~astonishment~~ to his friends, to say nothing of their consternation. <sup>(B)</sup>

So I was not surprised when he said to me during a recent visit, "Now that Adventure (his autobiography) is practically completed, what <sup>I</sup> am to do?" I took his question seriously, although I should have known better, and replied, "Let me think about it, and I will make a suggestion." But that was unnecessary, as I soon found out. Louise Eddy said to me, "You know, we are planning a Mediterranean tour next winter. Sherwood wants to bone up on the Re<sup>n</sup>aissance!" And most innocently he pulled down from the shelf a huge biography of Leonardo da Vinci, and began to give me a book review as if I had never heard the man's name before! It would not surprise me in the least to run across an advertisement soon of a new book by Dr. Eddy *on the glories of Florence and Rome.*

below

Dr. Charles W. Gilkey wrote,

Among the many things I personally am grateful to you for is the perennial youthfulness of your spirit and adventurousness of your mind - moving out constantly across new frontiers, and challenging us all to keep moving also.

A

The result has been an ability to speak frequently and at length, and to turn out books at a rate which his friends sometimes bewail as ad nauseum! "Oh no, not another one!" has been the involunatry exclamation. Indeed, this brings to mind a good story, as told by Ben Barber. "When Eddy visited Calcutta just before going home on furlough, he said to our thirteen secretaries in conference, 'I want to get two good men to take over my work while I am in America.' They all got a good laugh at him because he really did two men's work."

B

Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette has this to say,

"You always have seemed to have tapped the springs of perpetual youth. In spite of the calendar, I am sure that you are still young, for you have found the Source and have helped many another to do so. As I think back over the many contributions of which I know that you have made - and I know only part of them - it is plain to me that you have packed much more than seventy years of living into what is presumed to be the scriptural span.

Professor Harrison S. Elliott wrote,

The way you have continued during the years to tackle new problems and to exert aggressive and significant leadership makes many of us realize that there is no inevitable necessity of growing old. You are for us the symbol of eternal youth.



When Dr. Eddy reached seventy, P. F. Jerome reminded him of these lines by John Burroughs written at that age.

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What! Growing old? not me.  
For me, this is my boon,  
To hear the thrush at even,  
And know the hour,  
But feel like it is noon!

Gilkey

LAKEMOOD HOTEL

Fred Smith had reason to exclaim,  
To what far ports he now is travelling I know not. Three things I know, he is on the move, he is talking, he is writing.

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
MANAGER

AIR CONDITIONED





(A)

~~one~~ <sup>revealing his generosity,</sup> incidents could be multiplied by the hundred. Only

the Divine Record shows the extent of his generosities. All

over the earth are to be found the Beneficiaries of his thought-

Hosie, <sup>much like Azariah</sup> ~~ful~~ness in sharing. For years he sought counsel from his friends

about the use of his money. Scott Nearing once said to him,

Single

Rent a boat, get a sack, put all your stocks and bonds in the sack, tie some rocks around the sack, Row out into the Atlantic, drop the whole mess over the side, and then row back.

Allan Hunter adds the comment, "Sherwood listened soberly."

For a period he was obsessed with desire to limit himself to

an amount equal to the average income of the workers of the

country. He never found a <sup>h</sup>mathematical answer to his problem,

but he has continued to live simply and <sup>to</sup> give generously.

(X)

An illustration of his reluctance to spend much on his own enjoyment is provided by Oscar Starret,

We went to see one of Shakespeare's plays. Our income was small and we climbed up to seats in the second balcony. There we found Sherwood and Mrs. Eddy and their daughter and had the privilege of sitting with <sup>them</sup>. The reason for his being there was not as obvious as mine.

Larry Hosie passes along this word,

Sherwood quite frequently called me at the Judson Memorial Church and ~~says~~ "I am starting on a long trip. I have been helping so-and-so, trying to establish himself in business or some other activity. May I send you \$100, or ~~some other amount~~, to administer for him until he finds himself." I must confess it put me in a dilemma, but I wanted to cooperate with Sherwood, but could hardly approve of his haphazard charities, all of which, of course, revealed the bigness of his heart.

Hotel Sainte Claire



(Z)

In spite of the fact that Mr. Eddy has always had money, he has always lived with simplicity and has spent little upon himself and his family. In the early days his mother agreed <sup>family</sup> never to increase their capital, if the boys would agree not to reduce it. Sherwood's sense of stewardship was always lively, and he stinted himself in order to have more to share. (X) Louis Hieb bears this testimony, ^

I understand he accepted no salary from the International Committee. He was most generous with the funds at his disposal. He handed me a roll of Rs. 100, saying "Use this for the Lord's work." He denied himself that he might have more money for the Kingdom, traveled 3rd class, dressed very plainly. Mrs. Hieb on one occasion chided Sherwood's servant "boy" for allowing his master to wear his white suit too long, and said, "he needs a patch in the seat of his trousers too!"

<sup>in India</sup>  
When traveling he sometimes failed to take along an extra suit of clothes. Once his white seersucker got drenched in a storm just before Sherwood was due to speak. He calmly changed to a multicolored pair of pajamas and entered the pulpit without a smile. (A)

Only the other day Louise Gates said to me, "For the first time in his life, Sherwood is beginning to be willing to spend a little money just for his own enjoyment." He has ~~just~~ bought a Sears, Roebuck ~~phonograph~~ phonograph with automatic record changer, started to stock up with long-playing classical records, - or and it may not be long now until he publishes a pamphlet at least send out a report letter - on Records I Enjoy! ^

not quite

on the glories of Florence and Rome. ^

Dr. Eddy

Of incalculable help to ~~me~~ has been his ability to accept criticism, and even his avid search for it. "You know, I have a hide like a rhinoceros. So lay on Macduff," he would say. I have seen this quality demonstrated on a hundred occasions. Sherwood and I was ~~just~~ twenty-six when I became his secretary, ~~Eddy~~ <sup>He</sup> is twenty years older than I am, but he never let this difference in age be a barrier to free exchange of ideas. Our most serious divergence of judgment came over the question of war and peace. Parts of 1916 and 1917 were spent in the British Isles and France. He was possessed by a strong conviction of the righteousness of the war effort on the part of the Allies, and when he detected traces of Christian pacifism in my conversation, he became alarmed for my future. Many and vigorous were the arguments we had on the subject. It happened that I felt obliged to clarify and systematize my ideas by writing them down (years later the <sup>revised</sup> manuscript was published as The Sword or the Cross), and at the same time Mr. Eddy was dictating to me the manuscript of his book The Right To Fight. Later we collaborated in bringing out the volume The Abolition of War. Then came the period when our convictions again clashed and we had countless discussions of the issue. Within a month, the neighbors in Jacksonville must have been disturbed by the vigor of our exchange as we walked round and round the block. All this has not offended Sherwood, it is rather what he expects from a friend. He has sometimes been rough on me as he criticized a section of my manuscript, and always he has wanted me to be frank with him.

An illustration of Dr. Eddy's ability "to make friends and influence people" by his ~~charm~~ charm in accepting criticism is furnished by S. Wirt Wiley,

I often wondered how Sherwood could write so many books, but I got some enlightenment when he was commissioned to write a short history of the Y. M. C. A. on the occasion of its centennial in 1944. He undertook to do it all within thirty day. Of course, he attempted only to utilize secondary sources. The speed with which he plowed through the stack of historical books and documents assembled for him made an ordinary person fairly dizzy. Then he "picked the brains" of a surprising number of other persons. The speed with which he got the gist of what he had absorbed into type was also amazing. Then came the conferences with the critical readers of his manuscript. That certainly gave the members of the Centennial Committee's sub-committee on Historical Resources a busy week or two. Probably no one ever accused Sherwood of being wholly objective. His sense of mission compelled him to give currently dominant ideas a ride on every possible vehicle. But he was sweet about it and gradually eliminated what was not history. On the other hand, the Committee having admonished him not to write just a laudatory account, Sherwood confessed not only the real faults and shortcomings of the Y. M. C. A., but some that were not so. But again when the critical readers confronted him with facts to the contrary he modified his statements. The book was widely read by the constituency and has been very useful.

When I wrote to <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ about attempting this biography, he insisted ~~that~~ that emphasis be placed upon his weak points. His feelings had been aroused by a biography which is all-praise with <sup>he</sup> ~~no~~ no adverse judgments and made it clear that he did not want anybody to write that kind of book about him. Before me is an exchange of letters with D. Willard Lyon about a manuscript. "It is going through a sieve of excellent critics. Please let me have your frank and relentless criticism of this." In one of his letters Eddy wrote that he was probably devoting too much space to Fletcher Brockman. To which Lyon said that he thought the explanation unnecessary, since Sherwood had <sup>given</sup> ~~given~~ twice as much space to himself. And the reply came, "I read aloud, laughing, to Gene Barnett your closing sentence about my not having to apologize for writing so much about Brockman when I had written so much more about myself. Thank God for a sense of humor." <sup>Wiley</sup> <sup>A</sup>

It has been more than <sup>a</sup> sense of humor which has enabled Sherwood Eddy to take criticism without the slightest trace of rancor. In him real humility is blended with the stalwart conviction that his work is of <sup>the utmost</sup> ~~great~~ importance. At close range I saw an illustration of this when he handed to me an Introduction to his autobiography which had just come from Reinhold Niebuhr, in which <sup>were written</sup> very nice things indeed. ~~recognition~~. No child was ever more pleased with a new bicycle than Sherwood was warmed by these words of appreciation. Yet he wrote to Niebuhr, in all sincerity, that he failed to recognize the man <sup>under discussion</sup> ~~about the interpretation was written~~. There is no mock humility about Dr. Eddy. He really is aware of his faults and weaknesses and failures. He seeks criticism for the purpose

(A)

Across the years Eddy has been known for his keen sense of humor and his hearty laugh, has always been infectious. For that reason Maud Eddy tried to get him to bring <sup>his smile</sup> into the seriousness of his addresses. She was known to send up a message, "Tell Sherwood to smile." And he would. James Myers talks about this quality,

You exemplify three great qualities which the world needs in fuller measure - a profound faith in God; a brave spirit; and, if I may mention it in the same breath, a swell sense of humor! In fact I believe only a man can laugh as you do, who has the first two qualities mentioned.

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LAKESWOOD HOTEL

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MANAGER

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of improvement. He has superlative admiration for Dr. Niebuhr and was pleased that his friend thought well of what he had written. But foremost in his mind was the realization that such praise from so eminent a leader would increase the reading of the story of his work in many lands. In this <sup>feeling</sup> ~~sense~~ of humility and awareness of the significance of his experiences, Mr. Eddy bears close resemblance to the Apostle Paul.

His realization of the importance of his work grows out of his religious experience. God is very near and accessible to Sherwood Eddy. This has been true since his early days in the student conferences and with the Student Volunteer Movement, when he fervently pleaded with men to find the will of God and do it, even if it meant leaving home and going to the far corners of the earth. When he went to India the magnitude of the suffering and the obvious inadequacy of his own resources drove him to constant prayer. In his evangelistic work he had to pray, and, more than that, he was under obligation to teach young converts and students for the ministry how to pray. Before and during his interviews for funds with which to carry on great enterprises, he prayed fervently. In the war zone he prayed for the soldiers as they faced terrible temptations. Before taking up a new venture, he prayed about it. Many were the individuals for ~~whom~~ whom he made intercession through the years. In thought and in deed, he lived prayerfully. Out of all this came the deepening conviction that he must follow in the footsteps of the Master and be about his Father's business.

Nothing about Dr. Eddy is so important as this driving sense of mission, this impelling purpose, this awareness of partnership with the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. His energy has been devoted to the winning of men to Christ and to his way of reverent obedience to God's will and the rendering of <sup>brotherly</sup> ~~service~~ service to the bodies and minds and spirits of human beings, created in the divine image. No conviction has been more certain than that the meaning of life is found in walking with God and working with him. (A)

So Sherwood Eddy has taken life seriously. Time is precious opportunity and must not be frittered away. Every hour must be put to good use. Diligence is a high form of godliness. Louise Eddy tells of the night when she and Anne Guthrie failed to find him at the place they had agreed to meet. So Anne said, "I will walk down toward the subway station." Soon she returned and said, "A block away I saw a man leaning against <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ lightpost, reading a book. I know it is Sherwood." And so it was, waiting at the wrong corner. For sixty years he has been reading while leaning against <sup>a</sup> lightpost<sup>s</sup>, in barber shops, while waiting for customs officials, on trains, before appointments, always reading. The slow train upon which I recently arrived in Jacksonville is known locally as "the puddle-jumper." Sherwood was much concerned that I had to take so long for the trip <sup>from Kansas City,</sup> but quickly consoled me, "I am sure you had something to read." It was simply unthinkable to him that a man would just sit and do nothing.

SHERWOOD HOTEL

(X)

For this reason John Haynes Holmes was able to write,

I should have to look hard and seek far to find any one who has lived more unselfishly and devotedly to the best and highest than yourself. Always you have given all you have to the truth as you see it - and that's the test! Myriads the world around rise up to call you blessed.

Miles H. Krumbine has this word of appreciation,

Your life bore the scrutiny of a very sceptical and slightly cynical young man back in 1923, and from that scrutiny you have emerged as a good deal greater figure than you were when you were still a legend and had not been born into reality in my personal experience.

President William J. Hutchins sent this tribute.

A knight is a man who, with the enthusiasm and abandon of youth, gives himself to a life of service. I love you for many reasons, but on this birthday of yours I salute you as a gallant knight of God.

Eugene E. Barnett expresses this judgment,

Through the years he has been a truly selfless ~~man~~ and dedicated man. And I have myself witnessed multitudes of men captivated by his spirit and drawn first to him and then through him to his Master. My own personal friendship and association with him has been one of the most cherished experiences of my life.

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MANAGER

Yet Mr. Eddy can relax quickly and completely. He has long <sup>with more than faint audibility,</sup> been a good sleeper and has been known to take a nap <sup>in</sup> under almost every conceivable situation. Robert McAulay tells of the time in Russia, when in the midst of a vigorous discussion outdoors, Sherwood said, "You go right ahead, I'm going to get a few winks." Flinging himself down on the grass, soon was sound asleep. (A)

Long ago ~~Mr.~~ Eddy was quite a hunter, shooting prairie chicken in the old Indian Territory, then tigers and elephants in India, <sup>ducks and geese on Lotus Lake near Nanjing</sup> and grouse in China. Even listening to him tell of these exploits is exciting. One night during the First World War when he had finished his meeting with soldiers in a camp in Wales, he suggested that we walk the three miles to the village. Becoming absorbed in his hunting stories, we took the wrong turn and found ourselves ~~some~~ additional miles from our beds.

For utter relaxation though, give him a good game of bridge. Already the tall tales about his bridge playing are becoming apocryphal. He plays bridge the way he does everything else, with zest and eagerness. Listen to this description by Gordon Gilkey.

I want to speak of one of Sherwood's very human and wholly delightful traits - his intense enjoyment of bridge. I shall never forget our prolonged games in the heat and dust (and fleas) of Russian trains, and a lengthy match at a swank hotel in Toronto. But my most vivid memory is a match of eight weeks' during which the two Gilkeys and the two Eddys had when in 1947 they made up a seminar of four and journeyed to Czechoslovakia and return. To see Sherwood pick up his cards, stare at them, run his tongue all the way round his lips, exclaim "this looks slammish!" and then pull up his chair and start slapping his cards down on the table - this was an experience. And, like most Yale men, he was always a good sport and a good loser. From a Harvard man like myself, that is the highest praise!

Youngs John most memorable sitting with him in the Bishop's Conference in India.

(B)

(A)

Gale Seaman tells of a ride over a rough road which required an hour and a half. After a brief conversation, Eddy said that he was tired and would take a nap, and slept for an hour until awakened by a ~~noise~~ whistle as the train rushed by.

(B)  
W. Brewer Grant writes,

I can remember his terrific drive and the fact that he played bridge with the same intensity that he did everything else. In fact four of us played bridge every spare minute on the entire trip. He carried a deck of cards in his pocket and if we were delayed in the Russian Customs Inspection, out would come the cards and a bridge game would take place on the top of a suitcase or any other convenient table.

Daniel J. Fleming ~~remembers that~~ says,

He relaxed almost as intensely as he worked. I remember coming across the Pacific on a boat on which Eddy and Mott were passengers. One night we three gathered in Mott's cabin. Down in the center of the narrow space between the berths was a long, open box with the whole Encyclopedia Britannica ready for use. But that night we had a detective story and read until two o'clock. Mott was to take the service on that morning, and his wife chided him, saying he could hardly ask God's blessing on the service after such a night.

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LAKESWOOD HOTEL





Thus Dr. Eddy has worked with intensity and relaxed with zeal. One reason for this was revealed when Louise Eddy said, "Sherwood never lives in the past." He does not exult over his triumphs nor brood over his failures. What he is doing at the moment <sup>so</sup> is <sup>it</sup> entriguing and fascinating that he throws himself into with complete abandon. His power of concentration is something to behold. Nearby a roomful of his wife's guests may be carrying on cheerful and vigorous discussion, but he doesn't notice it, he simply can't be bothered by it all. Attention to what he is doing brings an amazing degree of oblivion to all else. (A)

The quality of courage must be stressed if we are to understand Mr. Eddy. Fear has played an obscure and minor role in his life. His decisions have rarely been made timidly and anxiously. Impetuous self- by nature, with abounding confidence, ~~with something~~ with something approaching a sense of fatalism about his own safety, <sup>has</sup> he rushed in "where angels fear to tread." With a Polish pilot in a second-rate plane, he was flown over the Russian battlefront. In the trenches at front, he advanced much farther than his permit allowed. During a submarine attack at sea, he showed no signs of fear. In the midst of an air attack on London, he was as exhilarated as a boy at a circus. In a storm on the high seas, he jauntily poked fun at his seasick friends. In their bedroom at Batlagundu, four sticks were kept permanently in the four corners of the room, to be within easy reach when a cobra was encountered. When they ventured out at night, a lantern cast its feeble glow ahead and a steady clapping of hands gave warning to snakes to get out of the way. Sherwood has what is sometimes crudely called intestinal fortitude, or something else. No H

(A)

The consequence is a feeling of intense satisfaction in what he is doing. About this L. E. McLachlin wrote,

I think you had fun in spite of the burden of work which lay upon you. Work, to use Charlie McCarthy's expression, sometimes "mows us down." Yet for most of us work acts like a pair of wings and lifts us.

Edward C. Jenkins puts it this way,

You have always maintained a perfectly amazing enthusiasm for those purposes which you held dear. No man of my acquaintance has seemed so continuously ~~rich~~ and effectively alive.

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Not that he would say to him, "Go to now, I must not be afraid, I must set an example of courage." It simply <sup>never</sup> occurred to him to shake with fright.

It was the same when he present<sup>ed</sup> unpopular ideas. He ~~was~~ never had to brace him<sup>self</sup>, grit his teeth, and get it over with. The idea never entered his mind to say anything<sup>^</sup> else than what he thought was true and necessary. <sup>He</sup> ~~he~~ denounced student strike-breakers for taking bread from the workers' children; he drew a damning indictment of capitalism for business men at luncheon; he debated his brother Brewer on the present social order; <sup>he voted the Socialist ticket;</sup> before white congregations he deplored the evils of segregation; in Arkansas he took the part of share-croppers; in the early days when labor union were under vicious attack he publicly supported the C. I. O.; he shocked many audiences by his frank talk about sex relations; he disregarded the advice of many friends in continuing his psychic explorations; he made spirited attacks on literalist fundamentalism; <sup>(A)</sup> in China at banquets of public officials he denounced graft and corruption in office; <sup>(B)</sup> to influential Japanese he exposed their nation's traffic in opium in China; <sup>(C)</sup> in Moscow he requested a meeting of communist officials for the purpose of pointing out what seemed to him to be the evils of their system, and when it was arranged talked as plainly as ever he did in Keokuk or Kalamazoo (muttering to friends at the end, "I gave 'em hell, didn't I?"); he challenged the leader of the <sup>godless</sup> ~~atheist~~ society to a debate on religion, in spite of the protests of some members of his party, and spoke fearlessly before a packed house in Moscow; <sup>(D)</sup> to their faces he told a group of Nazi supporters in Berlin why the rest of the world was so shocked at their ideas and behavior; <sup>(E)</sup> in his pacifist days he debated admirals and generals; then he turned around and

(A) in Czarist Russia he addressed forbidden meetings of students behind closed doors;

(B) later in China he ~~addressed~~ <sup>addressed</sup> hostile audiences <sup>groups</sup> of Communist students;

(C) in Turkey he presented Christianity to hostile Moslem students; (he pleaded personally with Chiang Kai-shek to throw himself on the side of the peasants & workers);

(D) he formed an exceedingly favorable impression of Tito and took his side publicly in <sup>his controversy with</sup> ~~Marguerite~~ <sup>the</sup> Roman Catholic Church;

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

debated his pacifist friends (well do I remember the vigor of his attack because I was on the receiving end at a student meeting at the University of Mississippi which lasted until midnight); Timidity is not one of Dr. Eddy's weaknesses, nor has he been known to take counsel of fear. Ye~~x~~ verily, "Ye gods! what a man!"



Not that he would say to himself, "Go to now, I must not be afraid, I must set an example of courage." It simply never occurred to him to shake with fright.

It was the same when he presented unpopular ideas. He never had to brace himself, grit his teeth, and get it over with. ~~never~~ *dt* never entered his mind to say anything else than what he thought was true and necessary. He denounced student ~~strike-breakers~~ for taking bread from the workers' children; he drew a damning indictment of capitalism for business men at luncheon; he debated his brother Brewer *(or was it on pacifism?)* on the present social order; he voted the Socialist ticket; before white congregations he deplored the evils of segregation; in Arkansas he took the part of share-croppers; in the early days when labor unions were under vicious attack, he publicly supported the C. I. O.; he *okay* *(A)* shocked many audiences by his frank talk about sex relations; he disregarded the advice of many friends in continuing his psychic explorations; he made spirited attacks on literalist fundamentalism; in his pacifist days he debated admirals and generals; then he turned around and debated his pacifist friends (well do I remember the vigor of his attack because I was on the receiving end at a student meeting at the University of Mississippi which lasted until midnight); in Czarist Russia he addressed forbidden meetings of students behind closed doors; *(M)* in China at banquets of public officials he denounced graft and corruption in office; later in China he addressed hostile audiences of communist students; he pleaded personally with Chiang Kai-shek to throw himself on the side of the peasant <sup>s</sup> and workers; to influential Japanese he exposed their nation's traffic in opium *(P)* in China; in Turkey he presented Christianity to hostile Moslem

(A)

In addressing an audience in Kansas, where many farmers and wives were present, he launched into an attack on the practice of some farmers of spending more money on their pigs and cows than on their wives, and of giving more attention to the birth of a litter of pigs than they did to the birth of their own children;

(B)

in Geneva.

from Mukden he cabled to the League of Nations a blistering indictment of Japan's aggression;

he sought an interview with and gave a copy of the New Testament to a Siamese prince priest, who like Gotama had renounced his royal prerogatives;

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA  
Hotel Sainte Claire

students; in Moscow he requested a meeting of communist officials for the purpose of pointing out what seemed to him to be the evils of their system, and when it was arranged talked as plainly as ever he did in Keokuk or Kalamazoo (muttering to friends at the end, "I gave 'em hell, didn't I?"); he challenged the leader of the godless society to a debate on religion, in spite of the protests of some members of his party, and spoke fearlessly before a packed house in Moscow; he formed an exceedingly favorable impression of Tito and publicly took his side in <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ controversy with the Roman Catholic Church; to their faces he told a group of Nazi supporters in Berlin why the rest of the world was so shocked by their ideas and behavior. Timidity is not one of Dr. Eddy's weaknesses, nor has he been known to take counsel of fear. Yea verily, "Ye gods! what a man!"

Especially appropriate and applicable to Sherwood Eddy are these lines by John Bunyan, written three hundred years ago.

No. 1209      See Corwin

~~Much more will be revealed as~~

Much more of Sherwood Eddy's character will be revealed as we turn to a detailed consideration of the different stages of his work, especially in the <sup>one</sup>cluding chapter when we concentrate on his religious faith and experience.

~~As late as 1934 ~~the~~ was still writing.~~

Whatever its handicaps and humiliations, it would seem to an impartial observer that India would be more secure with the "steel frame" of the Empire holding together the building of loose bricks of its unhappy divisions. And whatever their defects the British, resembling the ancient Romans, have been the great rulers in the modern world - the most just, the most sagacious, the most successful.

As late as ~~the~~ 1943

~~the~~ an English journalist, H. N. Brailsford, wrote,

~~the~~

We do not like to be reminded of the fact that this relationship began under a chartered company whose sole motive in all it did in India was to acquire riches for its shareholders and its servants. Nor do the more sensitive among us like to remember that this company conquered India with the sword... the surest test is ask who got the loot. It was Clive and not his sepoys, after the easy victory at Plassey, who swept £234,000 (\$1, 170,000) into his own pocket and then stood "astonished at his own moderation."... By far the graver fact is that we had to go on conquering India... Monro, who Governor of Madras, wrote in his famous Minute of 1817, "There is, perhaps, no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of government of their country as in British India." ... The system these great administrators condemned remained virtually unchanged for a century after the date of Monro's Minute... it was not till 1864 that the first Indian was admitted to the Indian Civil Service; three more entered in 1871. As late as 1915, after 83 years of equality, the Indians in the I. C. S. amounted ~~to~~ only to 5 per cent... in April, 1919, was one of those deeds that poison history, the massacre in an enclosed garden at Amritsar of an unarmed crowd; of whom 379 were killed and ~~1,200~~ 1,200 wounded. All India was roused, and Gandhi became the unchallenged leader of Congress and made first essay in civil disobedience against "our Satanic Government."

In 1916, he wrote,

On the whole, however, political unrest has largely subsided, and the growing sense of nationalism which has to come to stay in India is flowing in normal channels of loyalty to the British Government.

And in 1953, Roger N. Baldwin <sup>said</sup> ~~wrote~~,

<sup>Sherwood</sup> I remember ~~as~~ even defended with vigor the British Empire as a device for maintaining the peace when most of us regarded it as a major obstacle to it - or at least the kind of peace we want.

^  
didn't



blind to the greed and ruthlessness of the imperial powers, and so unaware of the approaching storm of world war. Before looking closer at <sup>Sherwood's</sup> ~~the~~ ~~attitude~~ attitude, listen to these disturbing words by Professor Langer, ~~the~~ ~~attitude~~

One cannot study this period without marvelling at the exuberance and optimism which went hand in hand with recklessness and confidence in the conduct of foreign affairs. It was taken for granted that the world was marked out by Providence for exploitation by the European white man and that the principle of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost was natural law. In the writings of the statesmen and in the writings of journalists there is very little trace of deeper understanding. The rise of Japan, the Adua disaster, the Box rising, none of these epoch-making events really opened the eyes of Europe. Even Lord Salisbury could see in the world nothing but a few virile nations and a large number of dying nations. The basic problem of international relations was who should cut up the victims.

We should not really be surprised, then, ~~the~~ at what Sherwood <sup>Eddy</sup> wrote ~~the~~ ~~attitude~~ as late as 1910,

If Great Britain withdrew, India would welter in blood, with hopeless, internal wars. The material resources developed in the country would be neglected, and the clock of India's history would be put back for centuries. The Sikhs would rise in the Punjab, the Mohammedans would possess the rest of northern India, the Marathas would rule the west, Mysore or some native state would hold the south, endless internal wars would result, and progress would be impossible. Russia, Japan, or some other nation would surely invade India... the wise policy of Lord Morley and the British government wins the loyalty of the conservative majority, by giving the people self-government as fast as they are really capable of enjoying it. <sup>over</sup>

And in 1913, he wrote,

The enlarged councils of Lord Morley, which constitute the beginnings of little parliaments, the firm yet friendly measures of government under the present Viceroy, the wider diffusion of education, the gradual leaving of the masses, the growing aspirations of the people, all point toward the goal of India taking her place at some distant day as a great and self-governing member of the British Empire, the Kohninoor amid the splendid but lesser jewels of its crown.

In 1913 he <sup>could</sup> ~~can~~ only envisage ~~the~~ "some distant day" when India <sup>would</sup> ~~will~~ still be part of the British Empire. <sup>Insert 18a</sup> ~~insert~~

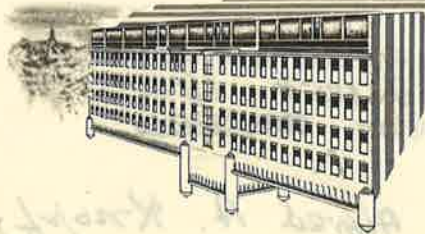
① vol. 2, p. 797. Published by Alfred H. Knopf, 1935.

As far back as 1899, when he visited Lucknow and was reminded of the ~~event~~<sup>mutiny</sup> of 1857, he wrote of the heroism of the British, with no hint of their responsibility for the mutiny, <sup>①</sup>

It moved me deeply to stand at the great gateway battered with bullets and the rents of cannon balls, where day after day men had stood and fallen at their post in the storm of death, and I thanked God as I remembered that the rule of England meant the reign of righteousness instead of chaos in India.

① see Edward Thompson, The Other Side of the Medal, 1925. Published by The Hogarth Press, London, 1925

WATERTOWN, N. Y.



Hotel Woodruff

*Three years*

^ before Sherwood Eddy landed in India, Mr. Gandhi began his campaign of non-violent resistance <sup>on behalf of the Indians in</sup> in South Africa, and continued his activities there until four years after the termination of Eddy's residence in India. Yet the latter's report letters and other writings <sup>during that period</sup> never mention his name. In <sup>his</sup> The New Era in Asia, published in 1913, the name of Gandhi is not listed in the index.

In those days Sherwood Eddy held the prevailing high estimate of <sup>talked about the benefits of</sup> "good government" empire and paid little attention to international politics.

Later he was to become an ardent supporter of Mahatma Gandhi in his non-violent struggle for independence and genuine self-government. But more of that in a subsequent section.

WILLIAM WOODBURN





## Chapter 2

### WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS SHERWOOD EDDY?

This chapter might appropriately come at the end of the story of Sherwood Eddy's career. It is put here with the expectation that it will increase interest and heighten anticipation of the detailed accounts of his doings. Then, too, the book should close with an exploration of his religious experience, for he is first, last, and all the time, a man of God.

Two contrasting types of biography are often encountered. The first is all praise, and the second is all debunking. If the life of Dr. Eddy is to make its full impact upon the reader, he must be known as a real person, with great strength and much weakness, with many achievements and frequent failures. An effort is being made to avoid what sometimes is done, to enumerate a few faults and then attempt to explain them away. No, Sherwood Eddy deserves to be pictured as he is. Thus this endeavor to portray him faithfully, "warts and all." To the degree that this is actually done, the reader will be unable to escape the magnetic pull of his personality. For, make no mistake about it, he is one of the really great souls of this generation.

Anyone who reads much biography realizes that God often has to work with poor timber in building his kingdom on earth, frequently using lumber which was in the dry-kiln too limited a time and has become warped and twisted, and sometimes an otherwise good plank which is marred by knotholes, and often the boards are too thin and too narrow and too short, and many times he faces the ravages wrought by termites. It was St. Paul who reminded the early church that not many wise were called, and not many mighty. And he himself was known to utter a curse against those who differed with his own opinions.

It is a sobering and yet exhilarating experience to reflect unhurriedly upon the men chosen by Jesus to be his companions and the transmitters

of his message to oncoming generations. Not one of them could sign himself Ph. D. There was not a consecrated priest or an ordained minister among them. You look there in vain for a genius in science, or a financier under whose touch everything turns to money, or a potentate with mighty power. The only office-holder in the lot had been a despised tax-collector in the pay of the enemy. The only military man included had been a Zealot in the army of rebellion. All the twelve came from the *am-har-arets*, the people of the land who failed to observe the ceremonial laws and were therefore looked upon as accursed by the orthodox. They were fishermen, artisans, peasants, consumed with the business of keeping themselves and their families alive. Even after they had walked with Jesus, they quarreled about chief places in the kingdom; they went to sleep during the crisis when he needed them most; once they wanted to burn down a village; one of them denied with oaths that he even knew the master; one of them betrayed him with a kiss. Yet these are the men selected and trusted by Jesus with the responsibility of continuing his work. Off in a remote corner of the Roman Empire, these obscure followers of a Lord who had been crucified as an enemy of the community began to turn the world upside down, and swerved history into new channels.

Listen to the conversations of friends who have known Dr. Eddy long and warmly and you will hear them speaking of (1) his tendency to paint in blacks and whites, with not enough use of shades in between; (2) his exaggeration in public address; (3) his lack of logic and shallowness in presentation, and undue stimulus of emotion; (4) his habit, common to itinerants, of endless repetition year after year, especially of favorite illustrations; (5) his readiness to dogmatize with insufficient evidence; (6) the ease with which he blows hot and goes cold, turning swiftly from one burning passion to another; (7)



his periods of war-mindedness and use of atrocity stories; (8) his reversals of position on war and peace; (9) ~~his extreme concentration on his own projects and often the ignoring of the concerns of those around him; (10) and even individuals who are sympathetic with his psycho research sometimes speak of his excessive credulity.~~

Many letters have come from old friends which are both appreciative and critical. ~~My own comment has a harsh ring to it. "For reasons which I judge it is neither kind nor necessary to state, I must decline to respond to your request concerning Sherwood Eddy."~~ Galen Fisher speaks of his "amiable weaknesses." Clarence E. Lemmon says, "I have often thought of Theodore Roosevelt's characterization of himself as fitting quite well the mind of Sherwood Eddy, 'an average mind highly energized.'" Few men evaluate Eddy's work in higher terms than Eugene E. Barnett, but he also says:

To the critical Sherwood was never the profound or convincing interpreter of Christianity which even moderately rigid requirements would demand. Moreover, some found disconcerting his all-out emphasis on a new facet of the Gospel each time he came. On one visit he called upon his hearers in the name of patriotism to become Christians. Another time he concentrated his fire on the evils of industrialism and proclaimed a gospel of social justice. Another time he was pointing the way to liberation from the special evils of an ill-adjusted sex life.

Even in his early days in India, he was known for his quick shifts of position. Louis Hieb writes,

Occasionally Sherwood's devotion outran his good judgment. Appear- on one occasion at our home with bloodshot eyes and sans eyeglasses, I asked him if he broke them. No, but he believed the Lord meant him to see without artificial aid! How could he see? Well, he confined his readings to one verse per diem from the Bible and meditated on that. Of course, he soon discovered the difference between faith and presumption, but unfortunately he had thrown away the glasses. During his honeymoon at Kodaikanal, the newly weds met a persuading Plymouth Brethren, who somehow induced Sherwood and his bride, of good Church of England upbringing, to be immersed! Sherwood then had printed "for private circulation" a brochure explaining his "re-baptism."

This word from Frank B. Lenz reflects the feeling of many friends.

It is preceded and followed by warm words of appreciation,

In my humble opinion he would have been a greater leader in his day had he stuck to his first love - evangelism. But being an individual of insatiable curiosity he found himself getting tied up with "cause" after "cause", pushing each one with the enthusiasm and fire of a zealot, at least for a time, and then hopping to something else - whether it was peace, sex, rural reconstruction, socialism, or communication with the dead. Sherwood threw himself into the fray, organized committees and worked like a trooper to convert others to his viewpoint. But he didn't stay put.

Here is a friendly and frank comment from A. H. Lichty,

Your request is one of these so-called \$64 questions. I would much rather not reply at all. But, that would not be fair to you. He impressed me as being a person of unusual ability as a public speaker; had a pleasing personality; was very earnest; and was a very unselfish man, of broad vision. Unfortunately, - in some respects, - he was a contemporary of Dr. John R. Mott, Fletcher Brockman, Bishop Wm. F. McDowell, Robert E. Speer and some other persons of somewhat similar qualities. To me, Sherwood Eddy seemed the least stable and the most vacillating man in the group. He was dramatic and could almost match the late "Billy" Sunday. Part of this may have been the outgrowth of an inferiority complex resulting from his close association with Dr. John R. Mott and some of the other men mentioned above. Sherwood Eddy merits high commendation for his ideals and his courage. I confidently believe that he tried hard to do what he thought was best.

Carroll M. Moon says that if he has any weakness

it is in the area of his relation to individuals who come for personal help. There was an impression that he was so involved and concerned with great world issues that there was not time for the "little" problems of the individual.

In a letter which reveals a high estimate of Mr. Eddy, Ernest M.

Best includes these lines:

If he sometimes attacked windmills when other opponents were lacking, it detracts nothing from his zeal for battle and The Cause. I graduated at Springfield in 1911. Starry-eyed with the vision of the Kingdom on earth set up by Rauschenbusch and the new methods of religious education by George Coe and Company, Sherwood was invited, came with dogmatic assertions about the old personal religion of conversion and salvation. I was shocked at finding a top man in the Y. M. C. A. so belated and I was mad enough to kick him. I met him next in England where I was with the Canadian Y. M. C. A. We didn't like his dogmatism

and thought his brother Brewer much better. But I was infuriated with his lament over the German civilian casualties by bombing after two years of U. S. silence on German bombing of England. Later I was enraged by his pacifism - pious mentality - when the freedom of the world was at stake.

After paying warm tribute, Henry Smith Leiper says also,

While I was in China, Sherwood came. I took him about the city of Tientsin in my car and made a number of contacts for him as he studied industrial and other conditions among the Chinese workers. It is typical of him that he was concerned about them, and also typical that he hit the high spots and missed some of the qualifying factors, so that his reports were rather distressing to some of us who shared in the investigation on which they were based. To illustrate, one factory making matches showed a tremendous amount of phossey jaw because of the use of raw phosphorous. The doctor in charge of the medical service was asked by Sherwood ~~how~~ how many patients he had a day. The number was given. Afterwards I personally asked, "How many of these are persons who work in the factory?" He said, "Only a small proportion because all their families get medical service free." Sherwood didn't get that point even though I reiterated it to him, and therefore in his report he made it appear that the number of persons affected by the phosphorous was enormous. Actually, by Chinese standards it was rather remarkable that all the members of the family got free treatment, although that in't to suggest that Sherwood wasn't right in thinking that the use of free phosphorous is a very terrible social evil.

Henry Sloane Coffin bears this witness,

I have often heard him at Northfield. Sometimes with great profit, at other times questioning his positions, but always admiring the fervor and intensity with which he spoke. When he was stirring enthusiasm for World War I, I queried his atrocity stories; when he became a pacifist, I was equally questioning. But one could not be angry with him, his patent sincerity disarmed criticism. One wishes that he might have added more balance to his fervor; but perhaps that would have made him less effective.

Raymond P. Kaign<sup>h</sup> sends this illuminating and amusing account,

One time during the First World War when Sherwood came back to Forest Hills from his visits to camps in France and the front trenches, he brought with him a lot of battlefield souvenirs - helmets, fatigue caps, guns, pistols, shells, cartridge cases, socks, etc. He used them in his talks on the horrors of war and when they were moving from their home, Maud turned them all over to me to keep or dispose of. They were put in our attic until house-cleaning time, when Mrs. Kaign found that moths had gotten into the woolen stuff, so these with small odds and ends were shoveled into the furnace, to be quickly followed by a great BANG! that shook the house, knocked the furnace door nearly off and peppered me with bits of coal and ashes. That



night in <sup>6</sup>ed Mrs. Kaighn giggled and said, "that explosion was just like Sherwood, he is an explosive person," and I said, "sure is, he had a way of getting under your skin," as I extracted another bit of coal with my fingernail from my chest.

Hugh C. Stunts makes this comment,

He came to Evanston to help recruit Y. M. C. A. workers for service with the British forces before America joined in the First World War. At that time I was a seminary student at Garrett, and a number of us volunteered. E. E. Voight, now Bishop Voight, and I offered our services. I remember vividly the personal interview we had with Sherwood Eddy in which he declined our offer. Our names were of German derivation, and he was sure that such a fact would make it impossible for the British Y. M. C. A. to use our services! I remember he made a terrific speech that night at a mass meeting in Evanston. He certainly was a fire-eater.

B. Tarrt Bell speaks of

the occasion when he debated Howard K. Beal of the University of North Carolina on the platform of the Y. M. C. A. program at State College in Raleigh in February, 1940. It was a fighting speech in which Sherwood gave three categories of persons who opposed United States military forces being sent to Europe. I don't remember specifically the three categories, but you can be assured that any self-respecting man would not want to be caught dead in any one of them. It was a fighting speech, after which he walked off the platform without a single friendly word to Howard Beal.

Fay C. Campbell provides an appropriate transition from critical to appreciative evaluations of Sherwood Eddy,

Sherwood was a great prophet and wonderful friend. I mean to use both of those descriptive adjectives. He lived at a time when the student and college world had to be aroused. His critics can say that he was not scholarly and that he was always riding a new hobby. Both of these things are true, in a sense, but neither is important. He changed his mind and his position too often. One never knew what he would be saying next. But that was all right too. In a world without any moorings, in a decaying order, he was trying to help others to find the meaning of Jesus' life. And he succeeded because he was always discovering something new himself. He was always growing and learning. The greatest thing he ever did for me was his telling of the story of his deep conversion in India when he discovered the meaning of the story about the water which will quench thirst forever. I heard him tell that story many time. It was the secret of his life. The social prophet and the personal evangelist - whichever side of him one saw - he was the man who lived on the eternal water which kept him fresh and vigorous. I was ~~not~~ helped by Sherwood and am today, because of his unselfishness, teachableness, enthusiasm, courage, Bible-centered devotion. It is food for thought. The three most influential Christian leaders in my student days were laymen - Mott, Speer and Eddy. They were at home in the pulpits of all of our college and university chapels. They led the churches.

Sherwood Eddy is a supremely happy man, possessing buoyancy and resilience to an amazing degree. He has always been a joyous person, with the exception of a single period in India which I will tell about later. Since college days he has had a message, a sense of mission, an exalted purpose. He has a passion for sharing all this in public address and personal conversation. He has derived much satisfaction from working on his many books, although he does not write easily. To an almost unequalled extent, he has escaped drudgery and monotony. Rarely has he been under the necessity of doing a job which he disliked. He has never been obliged to earn bread and butter for his family. Sufficient money was inherited from his father, combined with his own ability to obtain gifts for his causes, so that lack of funds has seldom been a barrier, although he has never been a rich man. With command of his time which is unusual indeed, and with extraordinary inner resources, he has been able to spend his days creatively and joyously.

And he has had exception<sup>al</sup> good fortune in his homelife. His first wife, Maud Arden, was a woman of deep spiritual power, unselfish to the last degree, and utterly devoted to Sherwood, merging her wishes, her energies and her hours with his in an amazing way. The story of their marriage has this amusing aspect, because at the time Sherwood was an ardent member of a Bachelors' Anti-Matrimonial League in India, whose members gloried in single blessedness. Old friends like to tell of the occasion when Sherwood first cast his eyes upon her beautiful face. His fall was immediate and flat. It is even rumored that his apostasy led to the dissolution of the Bachelers' League. Many years later David McConaughy wrote,

It was in our home that you met Maud Arden; and in the Y. M. C. A., across the street, dear old Bishop Bell married you, with my two little daughters as the "flower girls." Later we shared that old



Moslem's bungalow, where we had a memorable pajama meeting the night Madras shook with earthquake, and the dogs & other beasties made night hideous.

Their only son Arden died at the age of fourteen, while away at the Hill School. His funeral was an experience long to be remembered. There was no sign of mourning, the windows were wide open and the sun streamed in. The service was a triumphal refrain from beginning to end. *This portion of*

*sent to friends* <sup>5</sup> ~~also~~ a letter which Sherwood ~~recently~~ reveal their spirit.

He was a normal, healthy, happy boy, fond of sport, a good golfer and tennis player and half-back on his little football team. There was no death and no parting, just a sudden and peaceful entering into life abundant. He is now with us more than ever. During a previous illness, when his mother asked him, "Would you be afraid to die, Arden?" he said: "No mother, why should I be?" His whole life was joyous and peaceful, unbroken by a single sorrow, and for us sorrow is swallowed up in joy. I did not know God's grace could be so sufficient and satisfying. Our home has never been more happy/ than it is today, nor our family circle so unbroken and united. Earth is not poorer, but heaven is so much richer and life is fuller. I am only filled with thanksgiving for the rich gift of this little life. God never takes back a gift He gives, He has only taken him to Himself till we meet in the larger life of perfect love.

Later, friends expressed the wish that Maud had broken down and cried herself into exhaustion. For she never got over Arden's going. She brooded and developed an uncontrollable eagerness to join him in the other world. For years she lived with a sense of expectancy that the end was near. *She passed into the Great Beyond on August 29, 1945.*

Their only daughter Margaret was married to George Kerry Smith. Soon after the birth of their son Arden, a blood clot carried Margaret away, thus leaving Maud and Sherwood childless, but with a precious grandson.

~~was married~~ *on April 27, 1946.* Sherwood Eddy and Louise Gates were married. Miss Gates served the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo, Rio de Janeiro, Montreal, and for several years was General Secretary of the National Y. W. C. A. of Canada. She was granted an honorary LL. D. by her alma mater. She is a woman of great ability and charm and strength of character, and is ideally suited to Sherwood.

They make their home in Jacksonville, Illinois, where Louise grew up and where her father was President of MacMurray College. Since their marriage they have been inseparable, driving across this country in their car, both of them speaking, and making their foreign tours together. No man really deserves the love of two such women. Thus temperament, circumstances and good fortune have combined to afford Dr. Eddy maximum opportunity for happiness. And he has made the most of all of them.

One of the most impressive qualities of Sherwood Eddy is his physical vitality and consequent capacity for sustained activity. He has long been known as a horse for work. I have just spent eight days with him and continue to be astounded at his staying power, ~~and the age of~~ <sup>now beyond</sup> eighty-two. By nature he is gifted with a sturdy body, and by temperament he gets most out of it. Freedom from anxiety, intense interest in what he is doing, an inescapable sense of mission combine to bring zestful application.

The result has been an ability to speak frequently and at length, and to turn out books at a rate which his friends sometimes bewail as ad nauseum. "Oh no, not another one!" has been the involuntary exclamation. Indeed, this brings to mind a good story, as told by Ben Barber,

When Eddy visited Calcutta just before going home on furlough, he said to our thirteen secretaries in conference, "I want to get two good men to take over my work while I am in America." They all got a good laugh at him because he really did two men's work.

His boundless energy, and until recently his black hair, have long caused observers to express astonishment when told his age. Until seventy he had much the appearance of a man only fifty. Even more impressive has been the youthful quality of his mind. Never hostile to innovation, yielding ever to unsatisfied curiosity, constantly moving about in strange places, his enthusiasm for new ideas has been a continuing source of amazement to his friends, to say nothing of their consternation.

Kenneth Scott Latourette has this to say,

You always have seemed to <sup>have</sup> ~~have~~ tapped the springs of perpetual youth. In spite of the calendar, I am sure that you are still young, for you have found the Source and have helped many another to do so.

Harrison S. Elliott wrote,

The way you have continued during the years to tackle new problems and to exert aggressive and significant leadership makes many of us realize that there is no inevitable necessity of growing old. You are for us the symbol of eternal youth.

Charles W. Gilkey testified,

Among the many things I personally am grateful to you for is the perennial youthfulness of your spirit and the adventurousness of your mind - moving out constantly across new frontiers, and challenging us all to keep moving also.

When Dr. Eddy ~~had~~ reached seventy, P. F. Jerome reminded him of these lines by John Burroughs written at that age,

What! Growing old? Not me.  
For me, this is my boon,  
To hear the thrush at even,  
And know the hour,  
But feel like it is noon!

Constance Rumbough saw him when he was seventy-six,

I was amazed at his vigor. I had thought that by that time he would need to be in a wheel chair. Instead he was just as vigorous as ever.

I was not surprised when he said to me during a recent visit, "Now that Adventure (his autobiography) is practically completed, what am I to do?" I took his question seriously, although I should have known better, and replied, "Let me think about it, and I will make a suggestion." But that was unnecessary, as I soon found out. Louise <sup>Eddy</sup> ~~Adams~~ said to me, "You know, we are planning a Mediterranean tour next winter. Sherwood wants to bone up on the Renaissance!" And most innocently he pulled down from the shelf a huge biography of Leonardo da Vinci, and began to give me a book review as if I had never heard the man's name before! It would not surprise me in the

least to run across an advertisement soon of a new book by Dr. Eddy on the glories of Florence and Rome.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Eddy has ~~always~~ <sup>never enough to make him rich,</sup> had money, he has always lived with simplicity and has spent little upon himself and his family. In the early days his mother agreed never to increase their family capital, if the boys would agree not to reduce it. Sherwood's sense of stewardship was always lively, and he stinted himself in order to have more to share. <sup>over</sup> (An illustration of his reluctance to spend much upon ~~himself~~ his own enjoyment is provided by Oscar Starrett,

We went to one of Shakespeare's plays. Our income was small and we climbed up to seats in the second balcony. There we found Sherwood and Mrs. Eddy and their daughter, and had the privilege of sitting with them. The reason for his being there was not as obvious as mine.

~~Larry Hiebs passes along this word,~~

Sherwood quite frequently called me at the Judson Memorial Church and said, "I am starting on a long trip. I have been helping so-and-so, trying to establish himself in business or some other activity. May I send you \$100, or some other amount, to administer for him until he finds himself." I must confess it put me in a dilemma, but I wanted to cooperate with Sherwood, but could hardly approve of his haphazard charities, all of which, of course, revealed the bigness of his heart.

Louis Hieb bears this testimony,

I understand he accepted no salary from the International Committee. He was most generous with the funds at his disposal. He handed me a roll of Rs. 100, saying "Use this for the Lord's work." He denied himself that he might have more money for the Kingdom, traveled 3rd class, dressed very plainly. Mrs. Hieb on one occasion chided Sherwood's servant "boy" for allowing his master to wear a white suit too long, and said, "he needs a patch in the seat of his trousers too!"

When traveling in India he sometimes failed to take along an extra suit of clothes. Once his white seersucker got drenched in a storm just before he was due to speak. He calmly changed to a multicolored pair of pajamas and entered the pulpit without a smile.

Incidents revealing his generosity could be multiplied by the hundred. Only the Divine Record shows the extent of his generousities.

next  
page



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When David McCaughy <sup>went to</sup> India as the pioneer secretary

the Young Men's Christian Association there, his financial support

was ~~assumed~~ jointly by Eddy, Luce and Pitkin, as Sherwood was reminded

half a century later by David McCaughy.

We went to one of Shakespeare's plays. Our income was small and we  
climbed up to seats in the second balcony. There we found Sherwood  
and Mrs. Eddy and their daughter, and had the privilege of sitting  
with them. The reason for his being there was not as obvious as mine.

~~Many people passed along this way.~~

Sherwood quite frequently called me at the Jackson Memorial Church  
and said, "I am starting on a long trip. I have been helping so-and-so  
trying to establish himself in business or some other activity. May  
I send you \$100, or some other amount, to administer for him until  
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next page



All over the earth are to be found the beneficiaries of his thoughtfulness. Larry Hosie passes along this word,

*from h. 11* → L. E. McLachlin expresses this appreciation,

I will never forget the thrill that came to us on the day in Foo Chow that Munson and myself received your cable saying that you would make a personal contribution of \$5,000 to help us buy property within the walled city to be used as a student centre. This gift of yours was the lever that helped us lift the faith of ~~our~~ our Chinese friends so that we were able to provide \$30,000 to make that student centre possible.

*of Indie told*

*W*  
*see*  
*Pathfinders*  
Bishop Azariah ~~told~~ of a conversation with his wife one evening about an urgent need for a thousand dollars for an important purpose, saying "I will write to Sherwood about it." In the mail the very next morning was a check from <sup>*Eddy*</sup> ~~Sherwood~~ for that exact amount, mailed in the United States long before.

*X* For years Mr. Eddy sought counsel from his friends about the use of his money. Scott Nearing once said to him,

Rent a boat, get a sack, put all your stocks and bonds in the sack, tie some rocks around the sack, row out into the Atlantic, drop the whole mess over the side, then row back.

Allan Hunter adds the comment, "Sherwood listened soberly." For a period he was obsessed with desire to limit himself to an amount equal to the average income of the workers of the country. He never found a mathematical answer to his problem, but he has continued to live simply and to give generously.

Only the other day Louise <sup>*Eddy*</sup> ~~Edwards~~ said to me, "For the first time in his life, Sherwood is beginning to be willing to spend a little money just for his own enjoyment." He has bought a Sears, Roebuck phonograph with automatic record changer, started to stock up with long-playing records, and it may not be long now until he publishes a pamphlet - or at least sends out a report letter - on Records I Enjoy!

Of incalculable help to Dr. Eddy has been his ability to accept criticism, and even his avid search for it. "You know, I have a hide like a rhinoceros, so lay on MacDuff," he would say. I have seen this quality demonstrated on a hundred occasions. He is twenty years older than I am, and I was not quite twenty-six when I became his secretary, but he never let this difference in age be a barrier to free exchange of ideas. Our most serious divergence of judgment came over the question of war and peace. Parts of 1916 and 1917 were spent in the British Isles and France. He was possessed by a strong conviction of the righteousness of the war effort on the part of the Allies, and when he detected traces of Christian pacifism in my conversation, he became alarmed for my future. Many and vigorous were the arguments we had on the subject. It happened that I felt obliged to clarify and systematize my ideas by writing them down (years later the revised manuscript was published as The Sword or the Cross) and at the same time Mr. Eddy was dictating to me the manuscript of his book The Right To Fight. Later we collaborated in bringing out the volume The Abolition of War. Then came the period when our convictions again clashed and we had countless discussions of the issue. Within a month, the neighbors in Jacksonville must have been disturbed by the vigor of our exchange as we walked round and round the block. All this has not offended Sherwood, it is rather what he expects from a friend. He has sometimes been rough on me as he criticized a section of my manuscript, and always he has wanted me to be frank with him.

When I wrote to him about attempting this biography, he insisted that emphasis be placed upon his weak points. His feelings had been aroused by a biography which is all-praise with no adverse judgments and he made it clear that he did not want anybody to write that kind

of book about him. Before me is an exchange of letters with D. Willard Lyon about a manuscript, "It is going through a sieve of excellent critics. Please let me have your frank and relentless criticism of this." In one of his letters Eddy wrote that he was probably devoting too much space to Fletcher Brockman. To which Lyon said that he thought the explanation unnecessary, since Sherwood had given twice as much space to himself. And the reply came, "I read aloud, laughing, to Gene Barnett your closing sentence about my not having to apologize for writing so much about Brockman when I had written so much more about myself. Thank God for a sense of humor."

An illustration of Dr. Eddy's ability "to make friends and influence people" by his charm in accepting criticism is furnished by S. Wirt Wiley,

I often wondered how Sherwood could write so many books, but I got some enlightenment when he was commissioned to write a short history of the Y. M. C. A. on the occasion of its centennial in 1944. He undertook to do it all within thirty days. Of course, he attempted ~~to do it~~ only to utilize secondary sources. The speed with which he plowed through the stack of historical books and documents assembled for him made an ordinary person fairly dizzy. Then he "picked the brains" of a surprising number of other persons. The speed with which he got the gist of what he had absorbed into type was also amazing. Then came the conferences with the critical readers of his manuscript. That certainly gave the members of the Centennial Committee's sub-committee on Historical Resources a busy week or two. Probably no one ever accused Sherwood of being wholly objective. His sense of mission compelled him to give currently dominant ideas a ride on every possible vehicle. But he was sweet about it and gradually eliminated what was not history. On the other hand, the Committee having admonished him not to write just a laudatory account, Sherwood confessed not only the real faults and shortcomings of the Y. M. C. A., but some that were not so. But again when the critical readers confronted him with facts to the contrary, he modified his statements. The book was widely read by the constituency and has been very useful.

Across the years Eddy has been known for his keen sense of humor and his hearty laugh has always been infectious. For that reason Maud Eddy tried to get him to bring his smile into the seriousness of his addresses. She was known to send up a message,

"Tell Sherwood to smile." And he would. James Myers talks about this, ~~and says~~

single

You exemplify three great qualities which the world needs in fuller measure - a profound faith in God; a brave spirit; and, if I may mention it in the same breath, a swell sense of humor! In fact I believe only a man can laugh as you do, who has the first two qualities mentioned.

It has been more than a sense of humor which enabled <sup>him</sup> ~~Dr. Eddy~~ to take criticism without the slightest trace of rancor. In his real humility is blended with the stalwart conviction that his work is of the utmost importance. At close range I saw an illustration of this when he handed to me an Introduction to his autobiography which had just come from Reinhold Niebuhr, <sup>in</sup> which were written very nice things indeed. No child was ever more pleased with a new bicycle than Sherwood was warmed by these words of appreciation. Yet he wrote to Niebuhr, in all sincerity, that he failed to recognize the man under discussion. There is no mock humility about Dr. Eddy. He really is aware of his faults and weaknesses and failures. He seeks <sup>ti</sup> criticism for the purpose of improvement. He has superlative admiration for Dr. Niebuhr and was pleased that his friend thought well of his autobiography. But foremost in his mind was the realization that such praise from so eminent a leader would increase the reading of the book. In this feeling of humility and awareness of the significance of his experiences, <sup>he</sup> ~~Dr. Eddy~~ bears close resemblance to the Apostle Paul.

His realization of the importance of his work grows out of his religious experience. God is very near and accessible to Sherwood Eddy. This has been true since his early days in the student conferences and with the Student Volunteer Movement, where he fervently

pleaded with men to find the will of God and do it, even if it meant leaving home and going to the far corners of the earth. When he went to India the magnitude of the suffering and the obvious inadequacy of his own resources drove him to constant prayer. In his evangelistic work he had to pray, and, more than that, he was under obligation to teach young converts and students for the ministry how to pray. Before and during his interviews for funds with which to carry on great enterprises, he prayed earnestly. In the war zone he prayed for the soldiers as they faced terrible temptations. Before taking up a new venture, he prayed about it. Many were the individuals for whom he made intercession through the years. In thought and in action, he lived prayerfully. Out of all this came the deepening conviction that he must follow in the footsteps of the Master and be about his Father's business.

Nothing about Dr. Eddy is so important as this driving sense of mission, this impelling purpose, this awareness of partnership with the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. His energy has been devoted to the winning of men to Christ and to his way of reverent obedience to God's will and the rendering of brotherly service to the bodies and ~~minds~~ and ~~souls~~ spirits of human beings, created in the divine image. No conviction has been more certain than that ~~was~~ the meaning of life is found in walking with God and working with him.

For this reason John Haynes Holmes was able to write,

I should have to look hard and seek far to find any one who has lived more unselfishly and devotedly to the best and highest than yourself. Always you have given all you have to the truth as you see it - and that's the test! Myriads the world around rise up to call you blessed.

Miles H. Krumbine has this word of appreciation,

Your life bore the scrutiny of a very sceptical and slightly cynical young man back in 1923, and from scrutiny you have emerged as a good deal greater figure than you were when you were still a legend and had not been born into reality in my personal experience.



William J. Hutchins sent this tribute,

A knight is a man who, with the enthusiasm and abandon of youth, gives himself to a life of service. I love you for many reasons, but on this birthday of yours I salute you as a gallant knight of God.

Eugene E. Barnett says,

Through the years he has been a truly selfless and dedicated man. And I have myself witnessed multitudes of men captivated by his spirit and drawn first to him and then through him to his Master. My own personal friendship and association with him has been one of the most cherished experiences of my life.

So Sherwood Eddy has taken life seriously. Time is precious opportunity and must not be frittered away. Every hour must be put to good use. Diligence is a high form of godliness. Louise Eddy tells of the night when she and Anne Guthrie failed to find him at the place they had agreed to meet. So Anne said, "I <sup>will</sup> walk down toward the subway station." Soon she returned and said, "A block away I saw a man leaning against a lightpost, reading a book. I know it is Sherwood." And so it was, waiting at the wrong corner. For sixty years he has been reading while leaning against lightposts, in barber shops, while waiting for customs officials, on trains, before appointments, always reading. The slow train upon which I recently arrived in Jacksonville is known locally as "the puddle-jumper." Sherwood was much concerned that I had to take so long for the trip from Kansas City, but quickly consoled me, "I am sure you had something to read." It was simply unthinkable to him that a man would just sit and do nothing.

Yet Mr. Eddy can relax quickly and completely. He has long been a good sleeper with more than faint audibility, and has been known to take a nap in almost every conceivable situation. Robert McAulay tells of the time in Russia, when in the midst of vigorous

discussion outdoors, Sherwood said, "You go right ahead, I'm going to get a few winks." Flinging himself down on the grass, soon was sound asleep. Gale Seaman <sup>Sherwood</sup> ~~advised~~ of a ride over a rough road which required an hour and a half. After a brief conversation, Eddy said that he was tired and would take a nap, and slept for an hour until awakened by a whistle as the train rushed by.

Long ago he was quite a huntsman, shooting prairie chicken in the old Indian Territory, then tigers and elephants in India, ducks and geese on Lotus Lake near Nanking in China. Young John Mott remembers boxing with him in the Bishop's compound in Madras. Even listening to him tell of these exploits is exciting. One night during the First World War when he had finished his meeting with soldiers in a camp in Wales, he suggested that we walk the three miles back to the village. Becoming absorbed in his hunting stories, we took the wrong turn and found ourselves additional miles from our beds. over

For utter relaxation though, give him a good game of bridge. Already the tall tales of his bridge playing are becoming apocryphal. He plays bridge the way he does everything else, with zest and eagerness. Listen to this description by Gordon Gilkey,

I want to speak of one of Sherwood's very human and wholly delightful traits - his intense enjoyment of bridge. I shall never forget our proplonged games in the heat and dust (and fleas) of Russian trains, and a length match at a swank hotel in Toronto. But my most vivid memory is a match of eight weeks' duration which the two Gilkeys and the two Eddys had when in 1947 they made up a seminar of four and journeyed to Czechoslovakia and return. To see Sherwood pick up his cards, stare at them, run his tongue all the way round his lips, exclaim "this looks slammish!" and then pull up his chair and start slapping his cards down on the table - this was an experience. And, like most Yale men, he was always a good sport and a good loser. From a Harvard man like myself, that is the highest praise!

discussion outdoors, Sherwood said, "You're right about it, I'm going to get a few minutes." He finished himself down on the grass, soon was

and  
 Sherry Day tells of an ocean voyage with Eddy Mott ~~managers~~  
 shares  
 in 1912; and ~~and~~ this insight,

On the boat across the Atlantic was a group of American school girls, bound for a year of study in Paris. My first vivid impressions of Sherwood Eddy were with that group of girls. After a hard day's work of reading, writing, and studying which all of us entered into, we would gather with the girls in the evening for games of various kinds. I can still see the intense driving, purposeful Sherwood of the day time, turn suddenly into a laughing, relaxed, joyous boy who was able to play "Poor Pussy" with as much fun and abandon as the youngest of us. He was able to shift gears and to drive naturally and easily in either "high" or "low" more quickly than anyone I've ever known.

His fall of these exploits is exciting. One night during the first World War when he had finished his meeting with soldiers in a camp in Wales, he suggested that we walk the three miles back to the village. Becoming absorbed in his hunting stories, we took the wrong turn and found ourselves additional miles from our beds. For utter relaxation thought, give him a good game of bridge. Already the tell tales of his bridge playing are becoming apocryphal. He plays bridge the way he does everything else, with zest and energy. Listen to this description by Gordon Gilkey.

I want to speak of one of Sherwood's very human and wholly delightful traits - his intense enjoyment of bridge. I shall never forget our prolonged games in the heat and dust (and flies) of Russian winters, and a length match at a swank hotel in Toronto. But my most vivid memory is a match of eight weeks' duration which the two Gilleys and the two Edgys had when in 1927 they made up a team of four and journeyed to Czechoslovakia and returned. To see Sherwood pick up his cards, stare at them, run his tongue all the way round his lips, exclaim "this looks splendid!" and then pull up his chair and start shuffling the cards down on the table - this was an experience. And, like most of his men, he was always a good sport and a good loser. From a Harvard man like myself, that is the highest praise!

W. Brewer Grant writes,

I can remember his terrific drive and the fact that he played bridge with the same intensity that he did everything else. In fact four of us played bridge every spare minute on the entire trip. He carried a deck of cards in his pocket and if we were delayed in the Russian Customs Inspection, out would come the cards and a bridge game would take place on the top of a suitcase or any other convenient table.

Daniel J. Fleming says,

He relaxed almost as intensely as he worked. I remember coming across the Pacific on a boat on which Eddy and Mott were passengers. One night we three gathered in Mott's cabin. Down in the center of the narrow space between the berths was a long, open box with the whole Encyclopedia Britannica ready for use. But that night we had a detective story and read until two o'clock. Mott was to take the service in the morning, and his wife chided him, saying that she could hardly ask God's blessing on the service after such a night.

Thus Dr. Eddy has worked with intensity and relaxed with zeal.

One reason for this was revealed when Louise Eddy said, "Sherwood never lives in the past." He does not exult over his triumphs nor brood over his failures. What he is doing at the moment is so entriging and fascinating that he throws himself into it with complete abandon. His power of concentration is something to behold. Nearby a roomful of his wife's guests may be carrying on cheerful and vigorous discussion, but he doesn't notice it, he simply can't be bothered by it all. Attention to what he is doing brings an amazing degree of oblivion to all else. The consequence is a feeling of intense satisfaction in what he is doing. About this L. E. Mc Lachlin wrote,

I think you had fun in spite of the burden of work which lay upon you. Work, to use Charlie McCarthy's expression, sometimes "mows us down." Yet for most of us work acts like a pair of wings and lifts us.

Edward C. Jenkins put it this way,

You have always maintained a perfectly amazing enthusiasm for those purposes which you held dear. No man of my acquaintance has seemed so continuously and effectively alive.

The quality of courage must be stressed if we are to understand Mr. Eddy. Fear has played an obscure and minor role in his life.



His decisions have rarely been made timidly and anxiously. Impetuous by nature, with abounding self-confidence, with something approaching a sense of fatalism about his own safety, he has rushed in "where angels fear to tread." With a Polish pilot in a second-rate plane, he was flown over the Russian battlefront. In the trenches at the front, he advanced much farther than his permit allowed. During a submarine attack at sea, he showed no signs of fear. In an air attack on London, he was as exhilarated as a boy at a circus. In a storm on the high seas, he jauntily poked fun at his seasick friends. In their bedroom at Batlagundu, four sticks were kept permanently in the four corners of the room, to be within easy reach when a cobra was encountered. When they ventured out at night, a lantern cast its feeble glow ahead and a steady clapping of hands gave warning to snakes to get out of the way. Sherwood has what is ~~sometimes~~ crudely called intestinal fortitude, or something. Not that he would say to himself, "Go to now, I must not be afraid, I must set an example of courage." It simply never occurred to him to shake with fright.

It was the same when he presented unpopular ideas. He never had to brace himself, grit his teeth, and get it over with. It never entered his mind to say anything else than what he thought was true and necessary. He denounced student strike-breakers for taking bread from workers' children; he drew a damning indictment of capitalism for business men at luncheon; he debated his brother Brewer on the present social order (or was it pacifism?); he voted the Socialist ticket; before white congregations he deplored the evils of segregation; in Arkansas he took the part of share-croppers; in the early days when labor union were under vicious attack, he publicly supported the C. I. O.; in addressing an audience in Kansas, where many farmers



and wives were present, he launched into an attack on the practice of some farmers of spending more money on their pigs and cows than on their wives, and of giving more attention to the birth of a litter of pigs than they did to the birth of their own children; he shocked many audiences by his frank talk about sex relations; he disregarded the advice of many friends in continuing his psychic explorations; he made ~~attacks~~ attacks on literalist fundamentalism; in his pacifist days he debated admirals and generals; then he turned around and debated his pacifist friends (well do I remember the vigor of his attack because I was on the receiving end at a student meeting at the University of Mississippi which lasted until midnight); in Czarist Russia he addressed forbidden meetings of students behind closed doors; ~~he sought an interview with and gave a copy of the New Testament to~~ <sup>over</sup> a Siamese prince priest who like Gotama had renounced his royal prerogatives; in China at banquets of public officials he denounced graft and corruption in office; later in China he addressed hostile audiences of communist students; he pleaded personally with Chiang Kai-shek to throw himself on the side of the peasants and workers; to influential Japanese he exposed their nation's traffic in opium in China; from Mukden he cabled to the League of Nations in Geneva a blistering denunciation of Japan's aggression; in Turkey he presented Christianity to hostile Moslem students; in Moscow he requested a meeting of communist officials for the purpose of pointing out what seemed to him to be the evils of their system, and when it was arranged talked as plainly as ever he did in Keokuk or Kalamazoo (muttering to friends at the end, "I gave 'em hell, didn't I?"); he challenged the leader of the godless society to a debate on religion, in spite of the protests of some members of his party, and spoke fearlessly before a packed

and wives were present, he launched into an attack on the practice of some farmers of spending more money on their pigs and cows than on their wives, and of giving more attention to the birth of a litter of pigs than they did to the birth of their own children; he shooked many audiences by his frank talk about sex relations; he disregarded the advice of many friends in continuing his psychic explorations; at a Hindu festival he climbed on the swaying platform of the temple and delivered a sermon on the equality of all religions; he was saored ~~by~~ elephant and shouted the gospel to the assembled throngs; he continued ~~his~~ address in India ~~where~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~addressed his~~ <sup>addressed his</sup> friends (well do I remember the way of his while the rain poured with deafening upon the roof of the temple because I was on the receiving end of a shower of stones); he challenged the University of Mississippi which had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~city~~ <sup>city</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~Mississippi~~ <sup>Mississippi</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~debate~~ <sup>debate</sup> the India scholar Vivekananda upon his return from the Parliament of Religions for the purpose of exposing him before his own followers; a Chinese prime priest who like Gotama had renounced all propogatives; in China at banquets of public officials he denounced graft and corruption in office; later in China he addressed hostile audiences of communist students; he pleaded personally with Chiang Kai-shek to throw himself on the side of the peasants and workers; to influential Japanese he exposed their nation's traffic in opium in China; from London he cabled to the League of Nations in Geneva a blistering denunciation of Japan's aggression; in Turkey he presented Christianity to hostile Moslem students; in Moscow he requested a meeting of communist officials for the purpose of pointing out what seemed to him to be the evils of their system, and when it was arranged talked as plainly as ever he did in Keokuk or Kalamazoo (uttering to friends at the end, "I gave 'em hell, didn't I?") he challenged the leader of the Godless Society to a debate on religion, in spite of the protests of some members of his party, and spoke fearlessly before a packed

house in Moscow; he formed an exceedingly favorable impression of Tito and publicly took his side in the controversy with the Roman Catholic Church; to their faces he told a group of Nazi supporters in Berlin why the rest of the world was so shocked by their ideas and behavior. Timidity is not one of Dr. Eddy's weaknesses, nor has he been known to take counsel of fear. Yea verily, "ye gods! what a man!"

Especially appropriate and applicable ~~will be~~ <sup>Sherwood Eddy</sup> are these lines by John Bunyan, written three hundred years ago, as ~~he~~ was reminded by George and Betty Corwin on his seventieth birthday,

Who would true valor see,  
Let him come hither;  
One here will constant be,  
Come wind, come weather;  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
To be a Pilgrim.

His first avowed intent

He who would valiant be  
'Gainst all disaster.  
Let him in constancy  
Follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound -  
His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright,  
← He'll with a pant fight  
But he will have the right  
To be a Pilgrim. →

Much more of Sherwood Eddy's character will be revealed as we turn to a detailed consideration of the different stages of his work, especially in the concluding chapter when we concentrate on his religious faith and experience.

## Chapter 2

### WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS SHERWOOD EDDY

This chapter might appropriately come at the end of the story of Sherwood Eddy's career. It is put here with the expectation that it will increase interest and heighten anticipation of the detailed account of his doings. Then, too, the book should close with an exploration of his religious experience, for he <sup>is</sup> first, last, and all the time, a man of God.

Two contrasting types of biography are often encountered. The first is all praise, and the second is all debunking. If the life of Dr. Eddy is to make its full impact upon the reader, he must be known as a real person, with great strength and much weakness, with many achievements and frequent failures. An effort is being made to avoid what sometimes is done, to enumerate a few faults and then attempt to explain them away. No, Sherwood Eddy deserves to be pictured as he is. Thus this endeavor to portray him faithfully, "warts and all." To the degree that this is actually done, the reader will be unable to escape the magnetic pull of his personality. For, make no mistake about it, he is one of the really great souls of this generation.

Anyone who reads much biography realizes that God often has to work with poor timber in building his kingdom on earth, frequently using lumber which was in the dry-kiln too limited a time and has become warped and twisted, and sometimes an otherwise good plank which is marred by knotholes, and often the boards are too thin and too narrow and too short, and many times he faces the ravages wrought by termites. It was St. Paul who reminded the early church that not many wise were called, and not many mighty. And he himself was known to utter a curse against those who differed with his own opinions.



It is a sobering and yet exhilarating experience to reflect unhurriedly upon the men chosen by Jesus to be his companions and the transmitters of his message to oncoming generations. Not one of them could sign himself Ph. D. There was not a consecrated priest or an ordained minister among them. You look there in vain for a genius in science, or a financier under whose touch everything turns to money, or a potentate with mighty power. The only office-holder in the lot had been a despised tax-collector in the pay of the enemy. The only military man included had been a Zealot in the army of rebellion. All the twelve came from the an-har-arets, the people of the land who failed to observe the ceremonial laws and were therefore looked upon as accursed by the orthodox. They were fishermen, artisans, peasants, consumed with the business of keeping themselves and their families alive. Even after they had walked with Jesus, they quarreled about chief places in the kingdom; they went to sleep during the crisis when he needed them most; once they wanted to burn down a village; one of them denied with oaths that he even knew the master; one of them betrayed him with a kiss. Yet these are the men selected and trusted by Jesus with the responsibility of continuing his work. Off in a remote corner of the Roman Empire, these obscure followers of a Lord who had been crucified as an enemy of the community began to turn the world upside down, and swerved history into new channels.

Listen to the conversations of friends who have known Dr. Eddy long and warmly and you will hear them speaking of (1) his tendency to paint in blacks and whites, with not enough use of shades in between; (2) his exaggeration in public address; (3) his lack of logic and shallowness in presentation, and undue stimulus of



emotion; (4) his habit, common to itinerants, of endless repetition year after year, especially of favorite illustrations; (5) his readiness to dogmatize with insufficient evidence; (6) the ease with which he blows hot and goes cold, turning swiftly from one burning passion to another; (7) his periods of war-mindedness and use of atrocity stories; (8) his reversals of position on war and peace; (9) his extreme concentration on his own projects and often the ignoring of the concerns of those around him; (10) and even individuals who are sympathetic with his ~~his~~ psychio research sometimes speak of his excessive credulity.

Many letters have come from old friends which are both appreciative and critical. Galen Fisher speaks of his "amiable weaknesses." Clarence E. Lemmon says, "I have often thought of Theodore Roosevelt's characterization of himself as fitting quite well the mind of Sherwood Eddy, 'an average mind highly energized.'" Few men evaluate Eddy's work in higher terms than Eugene E. Barnett, but he also says,

To the critical observer Sherwood was never the profound or convincing interpreter of Christianity which even moderately rigid ~~standards~~ requirements would demand. Moreover, some found disconcerting his all-out emphasis on a new facet of the Gospel each time he came. On one visit he called upon his hearers in the name of patriotism to become Christians. Another time he concentrated his fire on the evils of industrialism and proclaimed a gospel of social justice. Another time he was pointing the way to liberation from the special evils of an ill-adjusted sex life.

Even in his early days in India, he was known for his quick shifts of position. Louis Hieb writes,

Occasionally Sherwood's devotion outran his good judgment. Appearing on one occasion at our home with bloodshot eyes and ~~sans~~ eyeglasses, I asked him if he broke them. No, but he believed the Lord meant him to see without artificial aid! How could he see? Well, he confined his reading to one verse per diem from the Bible

and meditated on that. Of course, he soon discovered the difference between faith and presumption, but unfortunately he had thrown away his glasses. During his honeymoon at Kedaikanal, the newly weds met a persuading Plymouth Brethren, who somehow induced Sherwood and his bride, of good Church of England upbringing, to be immersed! Sherwood then had printed "for private circulation" a brochure explaining his "re-baptism."

This word from Frank B. Lenz reflects the feeling of many friends.

It is preceded and followed by warm words of appreciation,

In my humble opinion he would have been a greater leader in his day had he stuck to his first love - evangelism. But being an individual of insatiable curiosity he found himself getting tied up with "case" after "cause", pushing each one with the enthusiasm and fire of a zealot, at least for a time, and then hopping to something else - whether it was peace, ~~sex~~, rural reconstruction, socialism, or communication with the dead. Sherwood threw himself into the fray, organized committees and worked like a trooper to convert others to his viewpoint. But he didn't stay put.

Here is a friendly and frank comment from A. H. Lighty,

64

Your request is one of those so-called ~~82~~ questions. I would much rather not reply at all. But, that would not be fair to you. He impressed me as being a person~~2~~ of unusual ability as a public speaker; had a pleasing personality; was very earnest; and was a very unselfish man, of broad vision. Unfortunately, - in some respects, - he was a contemporary of Dr. John R. Mott, Fletcher Brookman, Bishop Wm. F. McDowell, Robert E. Speer and some other persons of somewhat similar qualities. To me, Sherwood Eddy seemed the least stable and the most vacillating man in the group. He was dramatic and could almost match the late "Billy" Sunday. Part of this may have been the outgrowth of an inferiority complex resulting from his close association with Dr. John R. Mott and some of the other men mentioned above. Sherwood Eddy merits high commendation for his ideals and his courage. I confidently believe that he tried hard to do what he thought was best.

Carroll M. Moon says that if he has any weakness

it is in the area of his relation to individuals who come for personal help. There was an impression that he was so involved and concerned with great world issues that there was not time for the "little" problems of the individual.

In a letter which reveals a high estimate of Mr. Eddy, Ernest M.

Best includes these lines,

If he sometimes attacked windmills when other opponents were lacking, it detracts nothing from his zeal for battle for the Cause. I graduated at Springfield in 1911. Starry-eyed with the vision of the

Kingdom on earth set up by Rauschenbusch and the new methods of religious education by George Coe and Company, Sherwood was invited, came with dogmatic assertions about the old personal religion of conversion and salvation. I was shocked at finding a top man in the Y. M. C. A. so belated and I was mad enough to kick him. I met him next in England where I was with the Canadian Y. M. C. A. We didn't like his dogmatic assertions and thought his brother Brewer much better. But I was infuriated with his lament over the German civilian casualties by bombing after two years of U. S. silence on German bombing of England. Later I was enraged by his pacifism - pious mentality - when the freedom of the world was at stake.

After paying warm tribute, Henry Smith Leiper says also,

While in China, Sherwood came. I took him about the city of Tientsin in my car and made a number of contacts for him as he studied industrial and other conditions among the Chinese workers. It is typical of ~~back~~ him that he was concerned about them, and also typical that he hit the high spots and missed some of the qualifying factors, so that his reports were rather distressing to some of us who shared in the investigations on which they were based. To illustrate, one factory making matches showed a tremendous amount of phossey jaw because of the use of raw phosphorus. The doctor in charge of the medical service was asked by Sherwood how many patients he had a day. The number was given. Afterwards I personally asked, "How many of these are persons who work in the factory?" He said, "Only a small proportion because all their families get medical service free." Sherwood didn't get that point even though I reiterated it to him, and therefore in his report he made it appear that the number of persons affected by the phosphorus was enormous. Actually, by Chinese standards it was rather remarkable that all the members of the family got free treatment, although that isn't to suggest that Sherwood wasn't right in thinking that the use of free phosphorus is a very terrible social evil.

Henry Sloane Coffin bears this witness,

I have often heard him at Northfield. Sometimes with great profit, at other times questioning his positions, but always admiring the fervor and intensity with which he spoke. When he was stirring enthusiasm for World War I, I queried his atrocity stories; when he became a pacifist, I was equally questioning. But one could not be angry with him, his patent disincerity disarmed criticism. One wishes that he might had added more balance to his fervor; but perhaps that would have made him less effective.

Raymond P. Kaighn sends this illuminating and amusing account,

One time during the First World War when Sherwood came back to Forest Hills from his visits to camps in France and the front trenches, he brought with him a lot of battlefield souvenirs - helmets, fatigue caps, guns, pistols, shells, cartridge cases, socks, etc. He used them in his talks on the horrors of war and when they were moving



from their home, Maud turned them all over to me to keep or dispose of. They were put in our attic until house-cleaning time, when Mrs. Kaighn found that moths had gotten into the woolen stuff, so these with small odds and ends were shoveled into the furnace, to be quickly followed by a great BANG that shook the house, knocked the furnace door nearly off and peppered me with bits of coal and ashes. That night in bed Mrs. Kaighn giggled and said, "that explosion was just like Sherwood, he is an explosive person," and I said, "sure is, he has a way of getting under your skin," as I extracted another bit of coal with my fingernail from my chest.

Hugh S. Stunts makes this comment,

He came to Evanston to help recruit Y. M. C. A. workers for service with the British forces before America joined in the First World War. At that time I was a seminary student at Garrett, and a number of us volunteered. E. E. Voight, now Bishop Voight, and I offered our services. I remember vividly the personal interview we had with Sherwood Eddy in which he declined our offer. Our names were of German derivation, and he was sure that such a fact would make it impossible for the British Y. M. C. A. to use our services! I remember he made a terrific speech that night at a mass meeting in Evanston. He certainly was a fire-eater.

B. Tartt Bells speaks of

the occasion when he debated Howard K. Beal of the University of North Carolina on the platform of the Y. M. C. A. program at State College in Raleigh in February, 1940. It was a fighting speech in which Sherwood gave three categories of persons who opposed United States military forces being sent to Europe. I don't remember specifically the three categories, but you can be assured that any self-respecting man would not want to be caught dead in any one of them. It was a fighting speech, after which he walked off the platform without a single friendly word to Howard Beal.

Fay. C. Campbell provides an appropriate transition from critical to appreciative evaluations of Sherwood Eddy,

Sherwood was a great prophet and wonderful friend. I mean to use both of ~~the~~ those descriptive adjectives. He lived at a time when the student and college world had to be aroused. His critics can say that he was not scholarly and that he was always riding a new hobby. Both of these things are true, in a sense, but neither is important. He changed his mind and his position too often. One never knew what he would be saying next. But that was all right too. In a world without any moorings, in a decaying order, he was trying to help others to find the meaning of Jesus' life. And he succeeded because he was always discovering something new himself. He was always growing and learning. The greatest thing he ever did for me was his telling of the story about the water which will quench thirst forever. I heard him tell that story many times. It was the secret of his life. The social prophet and the personal evangelist -

whichever side of him one saw - he was the man who lived on the eternal water which kept him fresh and vigorous. I was helped by Sherwood and am today because of his unselfishness, teachableness, enthusiasm, courage, Bible-centered devotion. It is food for thought. The three most influential Christian leaders in my students days were laymen - Mott, Speer and Eddy. They were at home in the pulpits of all of our college and university chapels. They led the churches.

Sherwood Eddy is a supremely happy man, possessing buoyancy and resilience to an amazing degree. He has always been a joyous person, with the exception of a single period in India which I will tell you about later. Since college days he has had a message, a sense of mission, an exalted purpose. He has a passion for sharing all this in public address and personal conversation. He has derived much satisfaction from working on his many books, although he does not write easily. To an almost unequalled extent, he has escaped drudgery and monotony. Rarely has he been under the necessity of doing a job which he disliked. He has never been obliged to earn bread and butter for his family. Sufficient money was inherited from his father, combined with his own ability to obtain gifts for his causes, so that lack of funds has seldom been a barrier, although he has never been a rich man. With command of his time in unusual degree, and with extraordinary inner resources, he has been able to spend his days creatively and joyously.

And he has had <sup>an</sup> exception<sup>al</sup> good fortune in his homelife. His first wife, Maud Arden, was a woman of deep spiritual power, unselfish to the last degree, and utterly devoted to Sherwood, merging her wishes, her energies and her hours with his in an amazing way. The story of their marriage has this amusing aspect, because at the time Sherwood was an ardent member of a Bachelors' Anti-Matrimonial League in India, whose members gloried in single blessedness. Old friends like to tell of the occasion when Sherwood first cast his eyes upon her beautiful face. His fall was immediate and flat. She kept him dangling for a full month, that seemed eternity to him. Many years later David McConaughy wrote,



It was in our home that you met Maud Arden; and in the Y. M. C. A., across the street, dear old Bishop Bell married you, with my two little daughters as the "flower girls." Later we shared that old Moslem's bungalow, where we had a memorable pajama meeting the night Madras shook with earthquake, and the dogs & other beasties made night hideous.

Their only son Arden died at the age of fourteen, while away at the Hill School. His funeral was an experience long to be remembered. There was no sign of mourning, the windows were wide open and the sun streamed in. The service was a triumphal refrain from beginning to end. This portion of a letter which Sherwood sent to friends reveals their spirit,

He was a normal, healthy, happy boy, fond of sport, a good golfer and tennis player and half-back on his little football team. There was no death and no parting, just a sudden and peaceful entering into life abundant. He is now with us more than ever. During a previous illness, when his mother asked him, "Would you be afraid to die, Arden?" he said: "No mother, why should I be?" His whole life was joyous and peaceful, unbroken by a single sorrow, and for us sorrow is swallowed up in joy. I did not know God's grace could be so sufficient and satisfying. Our home has never been more happy than it is today, nor our family circle so unbroken and united. Earth is not poorer, but heaven is richer and life is fuller. I am only filled with thanksgiving for the rich gift of this little life. God never takes back a gift he gives, He has only taken him to Himself till we meet in the larger life of perfect love.

Later, friends expressed the wish that Maud had broken down and cried herself into exhaustion. For she never got over Arden's going. She brooded and developed an uncontrollable eagerness to join him in the other world. For years she lived with a sense of expectancy that the end was near. She passed into the Great Beyond on August 29, 1945.

Their only daughter Margaret was married to George Kerry Smith. Soon after the birth of their son Arden, a blood clot carried Margaret away, thus leaving Maud and Sherwood childless, but with a precious grandson.

Sherwood Eddy and Louise Gates were married on April 27, 1946. Miss Gates served the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo, Rio de Janeiro, Montreal, and for several years was General Secretary of the

National Y. W. C. A. of Canada. She was granted an honorary LL. D. by her alma mater. She is a woman of great ability and charm and strength of character, and is ideally suited to Sherwood. They make their home in Jacksonville, Illinois, where Louise grew up and where her father was President of MacMurray College. Since their marriage they have been inseparable, driving across the country in their car, both of them speaking, and making foreign tours together. No man really deserves the love of two such women. Thus temperament, circumstances and good fortune have combined to afford Dr. Eddy maximum opportunity for happiness. And he has the most of all of them.

One of the impressive qualities of Sherwood Eddy is his physical vitality and consequent capacity for sustained activity. He has long been known as a horse for work. I have just spent eight days with him and continue to be astounded at his staying power, and he now beyond eighty-two. By nature he is gifted with a sturdy body, and by temperament he gets most out of it. Freedom from anxiety, intense <sup>interest</sup> in what he is doing, a driving sense of mission combine to bring zestful application.

The result has been an ability to speak frequently and at length, and to turn out books at a rate which his friends sometimes bewail as ad nauseum! "Oh no, not another one!" has been the involuntary exclamation. Indeed, this brings to mind a good story, as told by Ben Barber,

When Eddy visited Calcutta just before going home on furlough, he said to our thirteen secretaries in conference, "I want to get two good men to take over my work while I am in America." They all got a good laugh at him because he really did two men's work.

His boundless energy, and until recently his black hair, have long caused observers to express astonishment when told his age. Until seventy he had much the appearance of a man only fifty. Even more impressive has been the youthful quality of his mind. Never hostile to innovation, yielding ever to unsatisfied curiosity, constantly moving about in strange

places, his enthusiasm for new ideas has been a continuing source of amazement to his friends, to say nothing of their consternation.

Kenneth Scott Latourette has this to say,

You always seemed to have tapped the springs of perpetual youth. In spite of the calendar, I am sure that you are still young, for you have found the Source and helped many another to do so.

Harrison E. Elliott wrote,

The way you have continued during the years to tackle new problems and to exert aggressive and significant leadership makes many of us realize that there is no inevitable necessity of growing old. You are for us the symbol of eternal youth.

Charles W. Gilkey testified,

Among the many things I personally am grateful to you for is the perennial youthfulness of your spirit and the adventuresomeness of your mind - moving out constantly across new frontiers, and challenging us all to keep moving also.

When Dr. Eddy reached seventy, P. F. Jerome reminded him of these lines by John Burroughs written at that age,

What! Growing old? not me.  
For me, this is my noon,  
To hear the thrush at even,  
And know the hour,  
But feel like it is noon!

Constance Rumbough saw him when he was seventy-six,

I was amazed at his vigor. I had thought that by that time he would need to be in a wheel chair. Instead he <sup>was</sup> just as vigorous as ever.

I was not surprised when he said to me during a recent trip, "Now that Adventure (his autobiography) is practically completed, what am I to do?" I took his question seriously, although I should have known better, and replied, "Let me think about it, and I will make a suggestion." But that was unnecessary, as I soon found out. Louise Eddy said to me, "You know, we are planning a Mediterranean tour next winter. Sherwood wants to bone up on the Renaissance!" And most innocently he pulled down from the shelf a huge biography of Leonardo da Vinci and began to

give me a book review as if I had never heard the man's name before! It would not surprise me in the least to run across an advertisement soon of a new book by Dr. Eddy on the glories of Florence and Rome.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Eddy has had money (never enough to make him a rich man), he has always lived with simplicity and has spent moderately upon himself and his family. In the early days his mother agreed never to increase their family capital, if they boys would agree not to reduce it. Sherwood's sense of stewardship was always lively, and he stinted himself in order to have more to share. When David McConaughy went to India as the pioneer secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association there, his financial support was assumed jointly by Eddy, Luce and Pitkin, as Sherwood was reminded half a century later by David McConaughy. Louis Hieb bears this testimony,

I understand he accepted no salary from the International Committee. He was most generous with the funds at his disposal. He handed me a roll of Rs. 100, saying "Use this for the Lord's work." He denied himself that he might have more money for the Kingdom, traveled 3rd class, dressed very plainly. Mrs. Hieb on one occasion chided Sherwood's servant "boy" for allowing his master to wear a white suit too long, and said, "he needs a patch in the seat of his trousers too!"

When traveling in India he sometimes failed to take along an extra suit of clothes. Once his white seersucker got drenched in a storm just before he was due to speak. He calmly changed to a multicolored pair of pajamas ~~jamas~~ and entered the pulpit without a smile.

Bishop Azariah told of the occasion when his mission was in urgent need of a thousand dollars to pay off a pressing debt. He said to his wife, "We will pray about this tonight, and tomorrow I will write to Sherwood asking if he can secure the money for us." In the morning before he could write came a check from Sherwood Eddy for \$1,000, postmarked just a month before in the United States.

L. E. McLaughlin expressed this appreciation,



I will never forget the thrill that came to us on the day in Foo Chow that Munson and myself received your cable saying that you would make a personal contribution of \$5,000 to help us buy property within the walled city to be used as a student centre. This gift of yours was the lever that helped us lift the faith of our Chinese friends so that we were able to provide \$30,000 to make that student centre possible.

Larry Hosie passes along this word,

Sherwood quite frequently called me at the Judson Memorial Church and said, "I am starting on a long trip. I have been helping so-and-so, trying to establish himself in business or some other activity. May I send you \$100, or some other amount, to administer for him until he finds himself." I must confess it put me in a dilemma, but I wanted to cooperate with Sherwood, but could hardly approve of his haphazard charities, all of which, of course, revealed the bigness of his heart.

I am myself one of the most blessed beneficiaries of his sharing. After I had completed my two and a half years as his private secretary, he continued to help financially with my work. When counted up later, over a period of fifteen years I found that he had generously supported what I was doing to the amount of more than ~~\$20,000~~ \$70,000.

An illustration of his reluctance to spend much upon his own enjoyment is provided by Oscar Starrett,

We went to one of Shakespeare's plays. Our income was small and we climbed up to seats in the second balcony. There we found Sherwood and Mrs. Eddy and their daughter, and had the privilege of sitting with them. The reason for his being there was not as obvious as mine.

Incidents revealing his generosity could be multiplied by the hundred. Only the Divine Record shows the extents of his generousities. All over the earth are to be found people with whom he shared.

For years Mr. Eddy sought counsel from his friends about the use of his money. Scott Nearing once said to him,

Rent a boat, get a sack, put all your stocks and bonds in the sack, tie some rocks around the sack, row out into the Atlantic, drop the whole mess over the side, then row back.

Allan Hunter adds, "Sherwood listened soberly." For a period he was obsessed with desire to limit himself to an amount equal to the



average income of the workers of the country. He never found a mathematical answer to his problem, but he has continued to live simply and to give generously.

Only the other day Louise Eddy said to me, "For the first time in his life, Sherwood is beginning to be willing to spend a little money just for his own enjoyment." He has bought a Sears, Roebuck phonograph with automatic record changer, started to stock up with long-playing records, and it may not be long now until he publishes a pamphlet or at least sends out a report letter - on Records I Enjoy!

Of incalculable help to Dr. Eddy has been his ability to accept criticism, and even his avid search for it. "You know, I have a hide like a rhinoceros, so lay on MacDuff," he would say. I have seen this quality demonstrated on a hundred occasions. He is twenty years older than I am, and I was not quite twenty-six when I became his secretary, but he never let this difference in age be a barrier to free exchange of ideas. Our most serious divergence of judgment came over the question of war and peace. Parts of 1916 and 1917 were spent in the British Isles and France. He was possessed by a strong conviction of the righteousness of the war effort on the part of the Allies, and when he detected traces of Christian pacifism in my conversation, he became alarmed for my future. Many and vigorous were the arguments we had on the subject. It happened that I felt obliged to clarify and systematize my ideas by writing them down (years later the revised manuscript was published as The Sword or the Cross), and at the same time Mr. Eddy was dictating to me the manuscript of his book, The Right To Fight. Later we collaborated in bringing out the volume The Abolition of War. Then came the period when our convictions again clashed and we had countless discussions of the issue. Within a month, the neighbors in Jacksonville must have been disturbed by the vigor of our exchange as we walked round and round the block. All this has not offended

Sherwood Eddy, it is rather what he expects from a friend. He has sometimes been rough on me as he criticized a section of manuscript, and always he has wanted me to be frank with him.

When I wrote to him about attempting this biography, he insisted that emphasis be placed upon his weak points. His feelings had been aroused by a biography which is all praise with no adverse judgments, and he made it clear that he did not want anybody to write that kind of book about him. Before me is an exchange of letters with D. Willard Lyon about a manuscript, "It is going through a sieve of excellent ~~criticism~~ critics. Please let me have your frank and relentless criticism of this." In one of his letters Eddy wrote that he was probably devoting too much space to Fletcher Brookman. To which Lyon replied that he thought the explanation unnecessary, since Sherwood had given twice as much space to himself. And the reply came, "I read aloud, laughing, to Gene Barnett your closing sentence about my not having to apologize for writing so much about Brookman when I had written so much more about myself. Thank God for a sense of humor."

An illustration of Dr. Eddy's ability "to make friends and influence people" by his charm in accepting criticism is furnished by S. Wirt Wiley,

I often wondered how Sherwood could write so many books, but I got some enlightenment when he was commissioned to write a short history of the Y. M. C. A. on the occasion of its centennial in 1944. He undertook to do it all within thirty days. Of course, he attempted only to utilize secondary sources. The speed with which he plowed through the stack of historical books and documents assembled for him made an ordinary person fairly dizzy. Then he "picked the brains" of a surprising number of other persons. The speed with which he got the gist of what he had absorbed into manuscript was also amazing. Then came the conferences with the critical readers of his manuscript. That certainly gave the members of the Centennial Committee's sub-committee on Historical Resources a busy week or two. Probably no one ever accused Sherwood of being wholly objective. His sense of mission compelled him to give currently dominant ideas a ride on every possible vehicle. But he was sweet about it and gradually eliminated what was not history. On the other hand, the Committee having admonished him

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not to write just a laudatory account, Sherwood confessed not only the real faults and shortcomings of the Y. M. C. A., but some that were not so. But again when the critical readers confronted him with facts to the contrary, he modified his statements. The book was widely read by the constituency and has been very useful

Across the years Eddy has been known for his keen sense of humor, and his hearty laugh has always been infectious. For that reason Maud Eddy tried to get him to bring his smile into the seriousness of his addresses. She was known to send up a message, "Tell Sherwood to smile." And he would. James Myers talks about this,

You exemplify three great qualities which the world needs in fuller measure - a profound faith in God; a brave spirit; and, if I may mention it in the same breath, a swell sense of humor! In fact I believe only a man can laugh as you do, who has the first two qualities mentioned.

It has been more than a sense of humor which enabled him to take criticism without the slightest trace of rancor. In him real humility is blended with the stalwart conviction that his work is of the utmost importance. At close range I saw an illustration of this when he handed to me an Introduction to his autobiography which had just come from Reinhold Niebuhr, in which were written very nice things indeed. No child was ever more pleased with a new bicycle than Sherwood was warmed by these words of appreciation. Yet he wrote to Niebuhr, in all sincerity, that he failed to recognize the man under discussion. There is no mock humility about Dr. Eddy. He really is aware of his faults and weaknesses and failures. He seeks criticism for the purpose of improvement. He has superlative admiration for Dr. Niebuhr and was pleased that his friend thought well of his autobiography. But foremost in his mind was the realization that such praise from so eminent a leader would increase the reading of his book. In this feeling of humility and awareness of the significance of his experiences, he bears close resemblance to the Apostle Paul.

His realization of the importance of his work grows out of his religious experience. God is very near and accessible to Sherwood Eddy. This has been true since his early days in the Student Volunteer Movement, when he fervently pleaded with men to find the will of God and do it, even if it meant leaving home and going to the far corners of the earth. When he went to India the magnitude of the suffering and the obvious inadequacy of his own resources drove him to constant prayer. In his evangelistic work he had to pray, and, more than that, he was under obligation to teach young converts and students for the ministry how to pray. Before and during his interviews for funds with which to carry on great enterprises, he prayed earnestly. In the war zone he prayed for the soldiers as they faced terrible temptations. Before taking up a new venture, he prayed about it. Many were the individuals for whom he made intercession through the years. In thought and in action, he lived prayerfully. Out of all this came the deepening conviction that he must follow in the footsteps of the Master and be about his Father's business.

Nothing about Dr. Eddy is so important as this driving sense of mission, this impelling purpose, this awareness of partnership with the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. His energy has been devoted to the winning of men to Christ and to his way of reverent obedience to God's will and the rendering of brotherly service to the bodies and minds and spirits of human beings, created in the divine image. No conviction has been more certain than that the meaning of life is found in walking with God and working with him. For this reason John Haynes ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Holmes was able to write,

I should have to look hard and seek far to find any one who has lived more unselfishly and devotedly to the best and highest than yourself. Always you have given all you have to the truth as you see it - and that's the test! Myriads the world around rise up to call you blessed.



Miles H. Krumbine has this word of appreciation,

Your life bore the scrutiny of a very sceptical and slightly cynical young man back in 1923, and from that scrutiny you have emerged as a good deal greater figure than you were when you were still a legend and had not been born into reality in my personal experience.

William J. Hutchins sent this tribute,

A knight is a man who, with the enthusiasm and abandon of youth, gives himself to a life of service. I love you for many reasons, but on this your birthday I salute you as a gallant knight of God.

Eugene E. Barnett says,

Through the years he has been a truly selfless and dedicated man. And I have myself witnessed multitudes of men captivated by his spirit and drawn first to him and then through him to his Master. My own personal friendship and association with him has been one of the most cherished experiences of my life.

So Sherwood Eddy has taken life seriously. Time is precious opportunity and must not be frittered away. Every hour must be put to good use. Diligence is a high form of godliness. Louise Eddy tells of the night when she and Anne Guthrie failed to find him at the place they had agreed to meet. So Anne said, "I will walk down toward the subway station." Soon she returned and said, "A block away I saw a man leaning against a lightpost, reading a book. I know it is Sherwood." And so it was, waiting at the wrong corner. For sixty years he has been reading while leaning against lightposts, in barber shops, while waiting for customs officials, on trains, before appointments, always reading. The slow train upon which I recently arrived in Jacksonville is known locally as "the puddle-jumper." Sherwood was much concerned that I had to take so long from Kansas City, but quickly consoled me, "I am sure you had something to read." It was simply unthinkable to him that a man would just sit and do nothing.

Yet Mr. Eddy can relax quickly and completely. He has long been a good sleeper with more than faint audibility, and has been known to take a nap in almost every conceivable situation. Robert McAuley tells of the time in Russia, when in the midst of vigorous discussion outdoors, Sherwood said, "You go right ahead, I'm going to get a few winks." Flinging himself down on the grass, soon was sound asleep. Gale Seaman speaks of a ride over a rough road which required an hour and a half. After a brief conversation, Eddy said that he was tired and would take a nap, and slept for an hour until awakened by a whistle as a train rushed by.

Long ago he was quite a huntsman, shooting prairie chicken in the old Indian Territory, then tigers and elephants in India, ducks and geese on Lotus Lake near Nanking in China. Young John Mott remembers boxing with him in the Bishop's compound in Madras. Even listening to these exploits is exciting. One night during the First World War when he had finished his meeting with soldiers in a camp in Wales, he suggested that we walk the three miles back to the village. Becoming absorbed in his hunting stories, we took the wrong turn and found ourselves additional miles from our beds.

Sherry Day tells of an ocean voyage with Eddy and Mott in 1912, and shares this insight,

On the boat crossing the Atlantic was a group of American school girls, bound for a year of study in Paris. My first vivid impressions of Sherwood Eddy were with that group of girls. After a hard day's work of reading, writing, and studying which all of us entered into, we would gather with the girls in the evening for games of various kinds. I can still see the intense, driving, purposeful Sherwood of the day time, turn suddenly into a laughing, relaxed, joyous boy who was able to play "Poor Pussy" with as much fund and abandon as the youngest of us. He was able to shift gears and to drive naturally and easily in either "high" or "low" more quickly than anyone I've ever known.

For utter relaxation though, give him a good game of bridge. Already the tall tales of his bridge playing are becoming apocryphal. He plays bridge the way he does everything else, with zest and eagerness.

Listen to this description by Gordon Gilkey,

I want to speak of one of Sherwood's very human and wholly delightful traits - his intense enjoyment of bridge. I shall never forget our prolonged games in the heat and dust (and fleas) of Russian trains, and a lengthy match at a swank hotel in Toronto. But my most vivid memory is a match of eight weeks' duration which the Gilkeys and the Eddys had when in 1947 they made up a seminar of four and journeyed to Czechoslovakia and return. To see Sherwood pick up his cards, stare at them, run his tongue all the way round his lips, exclaim "this looks slammish!" and then pull up his chair and start slapping his cards down on the table - this was an experience. And, like most Yale men, he was always a good sport and a good loser. From a Harvard man like myself, that is the highest praise!

W. Brewer Grant writes,

I can remember his terrific drive and the fact that he played bridge with the same intensity that he did everything else. In fact four of us played bridge every spare minute on the entire trip. He carried a deck of cards in his pocket and if we were delayed in the Russian Customs Inspection, out would come the cards and a bridge game would take place on the top of a suitcase or any other convenient table.

Daniel J. Fleming says,

He relaxed almost as intensely as he worked. I remember coming across the Pacific on a boat on which Eddy and Mott were passengers. One night we three gathered in Mott's cabin. Down in the center of the narrow space between the berths was a long, open box with the whole Encyclopedia Britannica ready to use. But that night we had a detective story and read until two o'clock. Mott was to take the service in the morning, and his wife chided him, saying that she could hardly ask God's blessing on the service after such a night.

Thus Dr. Eddy has worked with intensity and relaxed with zeal. One reason for this was brought out when Louise Eddy said, "Sherwood never lives in the past." He does not exult over his triumphs nor brood over his failures. What he is doing at the moment is so entriging and fascinating that he throws himself into it with complete abandon. His power of concentration is something to behold. Nearby a roomful of his wife's guests may be carrying on cheerful and vigorous conversation, but he doesn't notice it, he simply can't be bothered by it all. Attention to what he is doing brings an amazing degree of oblivion to all else.



The consequence is a feeling of intense satisfaction in what he is doing.

About this L. E. McLaughlin wrote,

I think you had fun in spite of the burden of work which lay upon you. Work, to use Charlie McCarthy's expression, sometimes "mows us down." Yet for most of us work acts like a pair of wings and lifts us.

Edward C. Jenkins put it this way,

You have always maintained a perfectly amazing enthusiasm for those purposes which you held dear. No man of my acquaintance has seemed so continuously and effectively alive.

The quality of courage must be stressed if we are to understand Mr. Eddy. Fear has played an obscure and minor role in his life. His decisions have rarely been made timidly and anxiously. Impetuous by nature, with abounding self-confidence, with something approaching a sense of fatalism about his own safety, he has rushed in where angels fear to tread. With a Polish pilot in a second-rate plane, he was flown over the Russian battlefront. In the trenches at the front, he advanced much farther than his permit allowed. In an air attack on London, he was as exhilarated as a boy at a circus. In a storm on the high seas, he jauntily poked fun at his seasick friends. In their bedroom at Batlagundu, four sticks were kept permanently in the four corners of the room, to be within easy reach when a cobra was encountered. When they ventured out at night, a lantern cast its feeble glow ahead and a steady clapping of hands gave warning to snakes to get out of the way. Sherwood has what is crudely called intestinal fortitude, or something. Not that he would say to himself, "Go to now, I must not be afraid, I must set an example of courage." It simply never occurred to him to shake with fright.

It was the same when he presented unpopular ideas. He never had to brace himself, grit his teeth, and get it over with. It never entered his mind to say anything else than what he thought was true and necessary. He denounced student strike-breakers for taking bread from workers'

children; he drew a damning indictment of capitalism for business men at luncheon; he debated his brother Brewer on the present social order (or was it pacifism?); he voted the Socialist ticket; before white congregations he deplored the evils of segregation; in Arkansas he took the part of share-croppers; in the early days when labor unions were under vicious attack, he publicly supported the C. I. O.; in addressing an audience in Kansas, where many farmers and wives were present, he launched an attack on the practice of some farmers of spending more money on their pigs and cows than on their wives, and of giving more attention to the birth of a litter of pigs than they did to the birth of their own children; he disregarded the advice of many friends in continuing his psychic explorations; he made attacks <sup>on</sup> of literalist fundamentalism; in his pacifist days he debated admirals and generals; then he turned around and debated his pacifist friends (well do I remember the vigor of his attack because I was on the receiving end at a student meeting at the University of Mississippi which lasted until midnight); in Czarist Russia he addressed forbidden meetings of students behind closed doors; at a Hindu festival he climbed on the platform of the sacred elephant and shouted the gospel to the assembled throng; he continued an address in India while the rain poured with deafening fury upon the galvanized roof and next door lions roared in pandemonium; he challenged to debate the Indian scholar Vivekananda upon his return from the Parliament of Religions for the purpose of exposing him before his own followers; he sought and interview with and gave a copy of the New Testament to a Siamese prince priest, who like Gotama had renounced his royal prerogatives; in China at banquets of public officials he denounced graft and corruption in office; later in China he addressed hostile audiences of communist students; he pleaded personally with Chiang Kai-shek to throw himself on the side of the peasants and workers; to influential Japanese he exposed their nation's traffic in



opium in China; from Mukden he cabled to the League of Nations in Geneva a blistering denunciation of Japan's aggression; in Turkey he presented Christianity to hostile Moslem students; in Moscow he requested a meeting of communist officials for the purpose of pointing out what seemed to him to be the evils of their system, and when it was arranged talked as plainly as ever he did in Keokuk or Kalamazoo (<sup>er</sup> mutting to friends at the end, "I gave 'em hell, didn't I?"); he challenged the leader of the godless society to a debate on religion, in spite of the protests of some members of his party, and spoke fearlessly before a packed house in Moscow; he wrote a personal letter to Stalin criticizing the hotel accommodations available to foreigners; he formed an exceedingly favorable impression of Tito and publicly took his side in the controversy with the Roman Catholic Church; to their faces he told a group of Nazi supporters in Berlin why the rest of the world was so shocked by their ideas and behavior. Timidity is not one of Dr. Eddy's weaknesses, nor has he been known to take counsel of fear. Yea verily, "Ye gods! what a man!"

Especially appropriate and applicable are these lines by John Bunyan, written three hundred years ago, as Sherwood Eddy was reminded by George and Betty Corwin on his seventieth birthday,

Who would true valor see,  
Let him come hither;  
One here will constant be,  
Come wind, come weather;  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

He who would valiant be  
'Gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy  
Follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
 With dismal stories,  
 Do but themselves confound -  
 His strength the more is.  
 No lien can him fright,  
 He'll with a giant fight  
 But he will have the right  
 To be a Pilgrim.

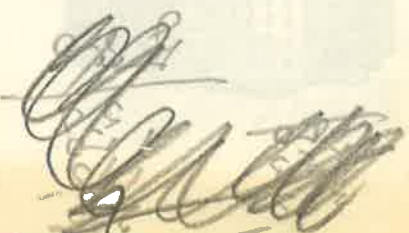
Much more of Sherwood ~~the~~ Eddy's character will be revealed as we turn to a detailed consideration of the different stages of his work, especially in the concluding chapter when we concentrate on his religious faith and experience.

## Chapter 4

### SHARING WITH THE STUDENTS AND MASSES OF INDIA

Sherwood Eddy landed in India in September, 1896, with joy in his soul and with a message of salvation to proclaim. He had something precious to share and he knew what it was, good news about the love and holiness of God, and about the way to abundant and eternal life through God's revelation in Jesus. To bring this knowledge and experience to people in this ancient land was the burning passion which was to make him so winsome and dynamic.

Try to picture vividly this young man not yet twenty-six as the steamer approached<sup>s</sup> the shores which were to be his home for fifteen years, where he was to find his lovely bride, where their daughter and son were to be born, and where they were to pour out themselves utterly in a ministry of lovingkindness. In the early dawn as the spray dashed over his head, he burst into song of exhilaration and anticipation. Fervently had he looked forward to this moment. Hundreds of times he had pleaded with students to volunteer for service in the far away places of desperate need. He had responded to what he felt to be the will of God for his own life, and now - little wonder that, alone <sup>of the ship,</sup> in the bow he watched the dark hills rising in the midst, and shouted in triumph, "The Morning Light is Breaking," and "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning."



For the first five years, Mr. Eddy served as College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for India and Ceylon, and as Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Then he was Evangelistic Secretary for South India, and conducted a mission station for the of the Congregational Church, American Board, although his official relationship ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> always with the Y. M. C. A. His time was divided between work with students and with the masses in the villages.

There were <sup>five</sup> ~~three~~ phases to his college work, (1) evangelistic addresses, (2) lectures for Hindu students, (3) personal interviews, (4) arranging and conducting student conferences. (5) instructing theological students.

Since English had long been the language of the educational system established by the British in India, Eddy was able to begin his college addresses without delay. He traveled constantly, spoke frequently and at length. He was gifted as a public speaker, enunciating clearly, using simple ideas, with an abundance of illustrations, and expressing himself with vigor and intense feeling. His appeal always was to the will, he sought action, he preached for decisions. To an extraordinary degree, he was able to bring conviction of sin, create a feeling of penitence, and <sup>instil</sup> ~~renew~~ a desire for a new life. Whenever possible, he tried to get some commitment on the spot, by raising of hands, or standing, or signing a card to study the Bible or to enter a class or a forthright decision for Christ.

Sherwood Eddy was a fervent and persistent personal worker, constantly seeking opportunity to talk with an individual about his own life, and presenting Christ as the source of <sup>power</sup> ~~peace~~ and victory. On one railway journey he had a chance to talk alone with eight



different men about Christianity as a religion of salvation from sin. On the campus, much of his time was devoted to personal talks with students. His winsome personality, his infectious smile, his frank and fervent manner, <sup>his loving concern,</sup> caused countless students to unburden themselves to him. He practiced ardently the way of life about which later he wrote in a widely read pamphlet, Personal Evangelism: The Greatest Work in the World.

We cannot understand <sup>in</sup> Mr. Eddy's zeal ~~for~~ personal talks with individuals until we get a feel <sup>ing</sup> of his own dominating convictions about God and about Jesus and about life. His religion was Christ-centered and Bible-rooted. God was vividly real to him, and was thought of in terms of Jesus. He read and studied the Bible, especially the New Testament, constantly and joyously. Prayer was the very breath of his life. He was aware of the ravages of sin in human life - sexual impurity and infidelity, dishonesty, untruthfulness, cruelty, callousness, selfishness in all its forms - and he cared intensely. With all his soul, he believed that devotion to Christ brings victory and opens the door to newness of life, <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>desire to serve</sup> power and joy and ~~peace~~. That individual lives should continue <sup>and lost</sup> to be cursed, homelife should be shameful and miserable, and the community damned with greed and cruelty - all this was well nigh unbearable to Sherwood Eddy. Something must be done about it, something can be done about it, and he proclaimed the glad news of salvation through Christ.

The moral atmosphere and the spiritual climate of the day in which this chapter is being written, make it <sup>most difficult</sup> ~~impossible~~ for us to project ourselves into the experiences of Sherwood Eddy during those early days in India. I have just been reading his frequent report letters sent to friends in America in those <sup>months.</sup> ~~days.~~ You can almost see the anguish on his face and feel the agony in his soul as you read his burning words about famine, plague, cholera, leprosy, poverty, famine, starvation, the selling of little girls into lives of shame by their own parents, the obscenities of the temples, the greed of the money lenders - and on and on. "There is one awful thing in India," he cries out. "It is sin. It is this disease in the nation's blood which breaks out upon the surface in physical ~~evils~~ evils... Lord, brand upon my heart the need of plague-stricken, hungering, leprous India, that time and prayer and life itself may be given for its redemption." <sup>Insert +</sup> ~~he tells about~~ OVER

In another letter, ~~the~~ the appalling needs of the women and the children of that vast land, and says

The awful need of India makes us bold to believe that God would awaken it. Love is always bound to suffering. As to Israel the heart of God is knit to suffering India, "hearing their cry, knowing their sorrows", feeling their blows... And still ~~take~~ the love of God is seeking human hearts, and lips to tell that love. It was this love for the world that burned to the last in the heart of Livingstone dying on his knees for Africa. It was this that enabled Judson to thank ~~God~~ for his torture, amid the horrors of his imprisonment, because it was purchasing the freedom his beloved Burmah. Oh the mighty love of God for India longing to express itself through us... This letter will reach some of you who are students. Let me plead with you for India. The work is larger, more real, more glorious, than I ever dream<sup>ed</sup>. I thought the year I spent among the American colleges would never be equalled in opportunity out here, but it seems to me this first year in India has offered an opportunity more than twice as great as the year in the colleges of the United States... Are you willing to pray daily for the awakening of India? In the name of three hundred million unsatisfied hearts and in the name of Him who died to satisfy them - Will you pray?

In 1900 Mr. Eddy sent home a report letter describing  
the awful famine prevailing. His description was so realistic  
and his appeal for funds so eloquent that \$17,000 rolled in  
from many lands. *No H*

Dallas 14, Texas

LAKESWOOD HOTEL

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
MANAGER

AIR CONDITIONED



5a

At the end of his first year <sup>in India,</sup> he had a temporary but deep depression of spirit. The conditions about him were more terrible even than he had anticipated, and the difficulty of winning converts among high caste Hindus was <sup>far</sup> greater <sup>and he had no home of his own.</sup> than he had expected. <sup>^</sup> The contrast between what he wanted to do and what he was able to do was agonizing to his <sup>soul</sup> ~~spirit~~. He was working too hard, living under too much tension, <sup>having</sup> ~~no~~ trouble ~~and~~ sleeping at night, ~~and~~ was on the verge of a nervous collapse. Then he had an experience which was to affect all the rest of his life. Let him tell about it,

Too tired to kneel, I lay on my face and cried for help in order to find the way out... Of a sudden with all the objectivity of a spoken word the truth became claimant: "Whoever drinks and keeps drinking of the water of life I shall give him shall never thirst again. This water of life (the life of God in the soul of man shared with his fellowmen) shall become like a well, like a spring, like a fountain leaping up forever in fresh life within him." ... With new faith I arose that morning. My weariness and nervous tension occasioned by inner conflict were gone, I was whole again, unified in psychological health... Something happened that I cannot altogether account for, and it wrought a lasting change in my life. The old thirst and unrest have never come back.

To the abiding nature of the change that came over him, those of us who have known him intimately through the decades can bear witness. To an almost incredible degree, depression of spirit, he has remained free from anxiety, worry, and fear. <sup>^</sup>



<sup>a later</sup>  
In ~~another~~ letter, Sherwood Eddy exclaimed,

It makes me about desperate as I see the need of these people to think that there are children and grown people at home who don't care enough whether thousands starve to death out here to give a penny, or whether millions live and die without the knowledge of Jesus to ever even pray for them. Oh! let us be more like our Master, who gave Himself for them.

In a letter describing a Hindue festival, Mr. Eddy writes,

No one could preach to those dull souls an hour without feeling the downpull of heathenism and the deaden effect of facing a mass of leaden faces, seared consciences, bleared and stupid minds, hardened hearts of men who are lost now, and who need saving now from the spiritual death. And here before these dead men, faith lays hold of the Living God, the heart thrills with the fresh message of a great glad news, and mind and body throb at the tide of life that flows through one's very being.

During the most intense heat, the missionaries gathered for rest in the hills. In his sixth year in India, Sherwood Eddy wrote,

This last month during our rest in the hills about a hundred of us met weekly for Bible study in the Psalms. Soon, however, the burden was so laid upon us by God to pray for a spiritual awakening among the Christians and the heathen that these meetings had to be given to one absorbing theme. From a weekly class the meetings began to be held daily, and from the power and blessing received from these meetings for prayer arose the thought of holding together in united prayer throughout the year, to call divine blessing on our stations. We ask you at home, will you join us in definite prayer that God may pour floods upon the dry ground here in India?

At the end of his first term,  
~~and the next year~~ he exclaimed,

over

Never have I known the preciousness and reality of Christ, and never have I seen the beauty and the meaning of His teaching as when thrown in glorious relief against the darkness, the despair and the hopelessness of heathenism.

And on his homeward voyage, for his first furlough, he cried out,

I thank God a thousand times for the joy of being a missionary and for the privilege of working in India... I know now that in any environment and in any land Jesus satisfies. He has been more real, more near, a more precious ~~organization~~ and constant companion than any earthly one, however near and dear.

Forty years later Herbert F. Laflamme <sup>sent</sup> ~~me~~ to Sherwood Eddy  
this vivid recollection,

In the late nineties, under your leadership, a small group of us missionaries ~~went~~ in the firewood depot, Kodaikanal, South India, and at your suggestion took the experience of Finney of Oberlin as our guide and prayed for the enduement of the Holy Spirit in power. We got what we sought. We passed this on to our fellow missionaries in Kodi. Our experience was repeated in the four corners of India. There followed one of the most remarkable revivals ever experienced by our Christians.

In similar vein is the testimony of Dumont Clarke,

I want to single out one occasion on which you made an address which was, at the time, and has been ever since, an inspiration to me. The address was informal and was given at a retreat at a place about twenty miles from Madras, India, in 1907 or 1908. Your theme was "Am I A Growing Man?" You developed the theme with such effectiveness that every one of us present was greatly stimulated to grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Certainly it is impressive, and a striking testimony to your influence, that I can recall so clearly the theme and the impression which you made after more than thirty-two years.

(2) (<sup>many</sup> years later Sherwood Eddy  
wrote, "as I re-read etc")

Dallas 14, Texas

LAKEWOOD HOTEL

BEN F. CUMNOCK  
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It is really impossible to convey to the reader the intensity of the feeling which pervades the letters written by Mr. Eddy during those days. His soul thirsted for God, as a deer longs for water in a dry and parched land. He loved the Lord Jesus with surpassing fervor, and <sup>yearned</sup> ~~longed~~ utterly to be an eloquent witness for him. No assurance was so certain with him as that Jesus is able to give power for holy living.

Little wonder, then, that he called personal evangelism the greatest work in the world, and that he practiced it with such unflagging zeal. Urgently and desperately even, he was trying to save souls. Not from the burning, because he never believed in hell-fire theology. His home training and his theological study had deepened in him convictions about the holiness and love and mercy of God. That a human soul would be burned everlastingly in a lake of fire was an abhorrent idea to him. To this day he tells about arguments he had with a Princeton theological professor who taught the damnation in brimstone forever of unrepentant sinners. In their student volunteer days, he and Henry Luce and Horace Pitkin had spent much time in preparing themselves to give a reason for the faith that was in them. Before sailing, they told John R. Mott and D. Willard Lyon that they rejected the hell-fire theory and were not going to preach it. When he had reached the age of eighty-two, Sherwood was still expressing dissent from the practice of J. Campbell White and Robert E. Speer in public meetings of asking for a full minute of silence, while he ticked off the number of souls lost with every passing second.

Devoutly he believed in the lostness of many human souls, and <sup>sought</sup> ~~tried~~ fervently to bring about their salvation. All about him he saw appalling evidence that many men were lost and needed redemption. That man is a sinner, he never doubted. That Christ is able to save

men, he was certain. He saw what happened when <sup>men</sup> left God out of their lives, and when the gods they worshipped were themselves immoral. In sheer contrast loomed the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus Sherwood could say with the Apostle Paul, for me to live is Christ, and say it truly. There was never any doubt in his mind about the priceless worth of the Christian Gospel. He was conscious of possessing a precious word which he knew was urgently needed in India, as elsewhere and his Father and in the world. In ringing tones he preached Jesus and his way of life as the means of man's redemption.

~~So it was his joy to stand before audience and share his convictions, and to tell students one by one about the sources of power.~~

His faith was evangelical Christianity, but it was never reactionary dogmatism. ~~Later in life, he expressed regret for his acceptance of the traditional practice of referring to Indians as "natives", and for speaking of non-Christians as "heathens"~~. He held <sup>some</sup> ideas then which he <sup>no</sup> longer holds, and <sup>often</sup> expressed himself in language which he <sup>not</sup> does now use. Here are illustrations,

Plague, cholera and leprosy, poverty, famine and distress, are but the eruptions of sin, the judgments of God pronounced in Deut-28... Many a doorpost showed the visit of the death angel, and many an empty house the judgment of God... But far worse than physical disease, ~~the~~ devil as a roaring lion is seeking whom he may devour... From conference to conference, from college to college, province to province, from village to village, from lip to lip the song shall be caught up - till He come! ... I have time to write one word more. There is no question what to write. It is this. Pray! Till He come... We found this station very rainy, and sometimes the rain threatened to break up the meetings, but repeatedly, in answer to prayer, the rain stopped just in time... In Coonoor, the rain began to pour down after the opening of a meeting. I knew that I could not make the people hear, so I told the Lord about it, and asked Him to strengthen my throat or stop the rain. I got up to speak, confident that He would do this, and as I read the text the rain ceased. In my heart I praised Him, and went on speaking. Months before, in this same rainy place, in open air meetings among the soldiers, He had stopped the rain so often for us in answer to prayer that I have ceased to doubt that He controls the weather, and that He answers prayer.



Whatever the reader may think about praying for rain, and whatever Mr. Eddy himself now thinks about it (years later with a blue pencil he underscored <sup>in this letter,</sup> repeatedly, in answer to prayer, the rain stopped, and in the margin made a huge blue exclamation mark), the significance of these quotations is found in the evidence they provide of Sherwood's awareness of the presence of God, his trust in him, and his unfailing gratitude. At the age of eighty, as he looked back over his life, he wrote, "We believed that we were enacting and writing contemporary chapters of the Acts. We all had the same spirit, fervid, somewhat fanatical and narrow." Indeed, you cannot escape the feeling that Sherwood Eddy would have been a worthy and honored ~~colleague~~ colleague of St. Paul!

At any rate, he cared deeply for human beings and sought their redemption. In one of his early letters he wrote,

At a railway station a native gentleman asks me for the best  
 ↑ authority upon the American revolution. The conversation takes a deeper turn, and he shakes hands, giving his word to read the New Testament with open mind. In the train is an attractive Parsee boy. I cannot keep from putting my arms around him as I tell again the old sweet story which sounds so new out here in India. The seed is sown and we exchange a loving goodbye, knowing that if the truth takes hold it will cost him persecution and the loss of all things. Yet Heaven is on the horizon here in India, and a life that costs us something brings God near.



This same spirit went into Mr. Eddy's public addresses. Men needed salvation, they needed the victory and the joy which comes through Christ. Up and down the land he went, pouring out his soul, never sparing himself, expecting that by all means he would win some. Every address was itself a prayer to God for divine aid. He looked upon himself as a mouthpiece through whom God would tell the glad news.

After two years of speaking in English to college students, Sherwood Eddy made the drastic decision to study Tamil and work with the masses, <sup>and</sup> especially in the training of Indian pastors for the work of evangelism. ~~Since~~ Since the beginning of Christian missions in India, rare indeed had been the baptism of a high caste Hindu convert. Mr. Eddy concluded that this work would have to be <sup>eventually</sup> Christian Church, done by the Indian ~~Church~~ purified and empowered, and to this task he gave the full measure of his devotion.

He took a mission station in South India at Batlagundu, far down in the tropics, ten degrees above the equator. In that station there were fifty schools, <sup>sixty</sup> churches, ~~and~~ about one hundred Indian workers, teachers and pastors, with a board <sup>ing</sup> school for a hundred students being trained for high school and college. Eddy made phenomenal progress in his study of Tamil, and learned to speak it proficiently and rapidly.

One of his major responsibilities was the training of a score of theological students for the work of the ministry. He adopted the novel and daring plan of conducting their theological training out on the field; three weeks out of every four, for ten months, being ~~spent~~ spent in evangelistic work in the villages. Listen to this description,

At four or five o'clock every morning our little American alarm clock would sputter in the darkness, and immediately from the score of workers in the adjoining tent there rose the sound of a Tamil lyrice. After our "morning watch," by candlelight, and a cup of coffee, we were off in half a dozen parties of three or four each to visit the villages within a four-mile radius. Entering a village we would strike up with a violin and a Tamil song; the crowd gathered, as spoke in the street and the interviewed the people personally. After a long morning's work, visit<sup>ing</sup> several villages, we returned to camp, exhausted by the tropical sun, for the mid-day meal, and a nap, before the study hour and the daily theological class with the students in the tent. In the afternoon we visit the nearer villages, and at night in the neighboring town some hundreds eagerly followed the magic lantern story of the life of Christ. As we waded through the fields each day I would take a mile or two alone with each man. We would first take up the problems of his own life. Then I would assign him a text or two and give him time to prepare an outline for a sermon or address, which we would discuss. About the finest compliment I ever received was to overhear the students one day, saying in the vernacular, "He is a native, he is one of us except in color."

At the end of five years in India, Mr. Eddy in a letter to friends described this experience,

In a festival the sluggish undercurrent of daily life surges to the surface and we see what Hinduism really is... We had taken advantage of the crowds to go there with our twenty students, and some thirty other workers, to preach the Gospel... We placed our men in groups of four every one hundred yards up the avenue, using Salvation Army methods to gather the crowd, and after a rousing song had drawn a hundred or two, we would leave a group of our men there and the rest of us would move on... At last we got into the temple yard, climbed up on the high basement of the temple and stood beside the great swaying body of the sacred elephant. There was noise from the crowd and our throats were as hoarse as at a football game, but we raised a song and in a moment had five hundred people flocking around us. One after another we shouted the Gospel to that listening throng, till each in turn was hoarse... Oh it is a privilege that angels might envy to preach a Gospel charged with power in the very citadels of Hinduism.

Probably the most important work that Sherwood Eddy did in India was the winning and training of young Indians for Christian leadership. For this task he was superbly equipped, young, tireless, radiant, affectionate, considerate. Without a trace of race prejudice, his heart went out in tender yearning over the young Indians who came

under his spell. About half of his time was spent in the colleges, chiefly the Christian institutions, and in student conferences along the lines of Northfield, Geneva, Blue Ridge and Asilomar in the United States. The other half was devoted to his work in the mission station and his evangelistic work in the villages.

Some of his friends will tell you that the most significant ~~thing~~ <sup>Sherwood</sup> did <sup>to make a</sup> Eddy while in India was ~~the~~ powerful and formative impact ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> V. S. Azariah, who became the first Anglican Indian

Bishop and one of the most influential leaders of his generation.

In 1898 Sherwood wrote about his warm friend,

a young man with a bright face, a heart as true as gold, and a character that is a shining testimony for Christ. There are few Christian college men at home who could compare him in a deep intelligent Christian life.

Four years later ~~Eddy~~ Eddy wrote,

In answer to prayer God has given a native fellow worker who is one of the finest men I have ever known. He is from the Christian college in Madras. A man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, and a man of prayer. I am never with him but I get some new lesson in the humility of Jesus, or some new things which God has brought him. In fact I never met an American student at Northfield or in the college who has so deep a Christian life. In July we begin a three months tour <sup>through</sup> three of the largest missions in India. <sup>over</sup>

In imagination we can see these inseparable friends and fellow workers; both of them young, overflowing with the spirit of Christ, selfless in their devotion, fearless in proclaiming the good news, bound together by the cords of mutual affection. They read the Bible together, studied theology together, prayed together, traveled together, preached together, and together were marvelously blessed of God. Just <sup>privileged</sup> how much of the young American's life flowed into the future bishop, <sup>^</sup> only the final accounting will reveal.

Many years later Mr. Eddy wrote,

Vethanayahan Samuel Azariah was the first Indian I met when I arrived in Calcutta in 1896, and for fifteen years he was my best friend, Indian or foreign. Since we were both entering Y. M. C. A. work together as young secretaries - I was twenty-five and he was ~~some~~ some two years younger - we had much in common. Both were adventuring into new experiences in new fields where we were beyond our depths and had to sink or swim. I remember an early conversation between us that was crucial. When I questioned Azariah about our friendship, he replied that he supposed we were as close friends as an Indian and a foreigner could ever be. This seemed to me imply that he felt some subtle racial barrier between us and that I would be kept at arm's length in a sort of second-class friendship. When I showed that his attitude struck me like a blow, he was amazed that any foreigner would want a complete and equal friendship with an Indian.



THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST

The Van Cutler  
Schenectady, N. Y.



"STOP AT RECOGNIZED HOTELS"



## Chapter 4

### SHARING WITH THE STUDENTS AND MASSES OF INDIA

Sherwood Eddy landed in India in September, 1896, with joy in his soul and with a message of salvation to proclaim. He had something precious to share and he knew what it was, good news about the love and holiness of God, and about the way to abundant and eternal life through God's revelation in Jesus. To bring this knowledge and experience to the people of this ancient land was the burning passion which was to make him so winsome and dynamic.

Try to picture vividly this young man not yet twenty-six as the steamer approaches the shores which were to be his home for fifteen years, where he was to find his lovely bride, where their daughter and son were to be born, and where they were to pour out themselves utterly in a ministry of lovingkindness. In the early dawn as the spray dashes over his head, he burst into song of exhilaration and anticipation. Fervently had he looked forward to this moment. Hundreds of times he had pleaded with students to volunteer for service in the far away places of desperate need. He had responded to what he felt to be the will of God for his own life, and now - little wonder that, alone in the bow of the ship, he watched the dark hills rising in the midst, and shout in triumph, ~~He~~ "The Morning Light Is Breaking," and "Hail To The Brightness Of Zion's Glad Morning."

For five years Mr. Eddy served as College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for India and Ceylon, and as Secretary of the

Student Volunteer Movement. Then he was Evangelistic Secretary for South India, and conducted a mission station for the American Board of the Congregational Church, although his official relationship always was with the Y. M. C. A. His time was divided between work with students and with the masses in the villages.

There were five phases to his college work, (1) evangelistic addresses, (2) lectures for Hindu students, (3) personal interviews, (4) arranging and conducting student conferences, (5) instructing theological students.

Since English had long been the language of the educational system established by the British in India, Eddy was able to begin his college addresses without delay. He traveled constantly, spoke frequently and at length. He was gifted as a public speaker, announcing clearly, using simple ideas, with an abundance of illustrations, and expressing himself with vigor and intense feeling. His appeal always was to the will, he sought action, he preached for decisions. To an extraordinary degree, he was able to bring conviction of sin, create a feeling of penitence, and instill a desire for a new life. Whenever possible, he tried to get some commitment on the spot, by raising of hands, or standing, or signing a card to study the Bible or to enter a class or a forthright decision for Christ.

Sherwood Eddy was a fervent and persistent personal workers, constantly seeking opportunity to talk with an individual about his own life, and presenting Christ as the source of power and victory. On one railway journey he had a chance to talk alone with eight different men about Christianity as a religion of salvation from sin. On the campus, much of his time was devoted to personal talks with students. His winsome personality, his infectious smile, his frank

and fervent manner, his loving concern, caused countless students to unburden themselves to him. He practiced ardently the way of life about which later he wrote in a widely read pamphlet, Personal Evangelism: The Greatest Work in the World.

We cannot understand Mr. Eddy's zeal in personal talks with individuals until we get a feeling of his own dominating convictions about God and about Jesus and about life. His religion was Christ-centered and Bible-~~centered~~ rooted. God was vividly real to him, and was thought of in terms of Jesus. He read and studied the Bible, especially the New Testament, continuously and joyously. Prayer was the breath of his life. He was aware of the ravages of sin in human life - sexual impurity and infidelity, dishonesty, untruthfulness, cruelty, callousness, selfishness in all its forms - and he cared intensely. With all his soul, he believed that devotion to Christ brings victory and opens the door to newness of life, with power and joy and desire to serve. That individual lives should continue to be surced, home-life should be shameful and miserable, and the community damned with greed and lust and cruelty - all this was well nigh unbearable to Sherwood Eddy. Something must be done about it, something can be done about it, and he proclaimed the glad news of salvation through Christ.

The moral atmosphere and the spiritual climate of the day in which this chapter is being written, make it most difficult for us to project ourselves into the experiences of Sherwood Eddy during those early days in India. I have just been reading his frequent report letters sent to friends in America in those months. You can almost see the anguish on his face and feel the agony in his soul as you read his burning words about famine, plague, cholera, leprosy, poverty, starvation, the selling of little girls into lives of shame by their own parents, the obscenities of the temple, the greed of the money lenders - and on and on. "There is one awful thing in India," he cries out. "It is sin. It is this disease

in the nation's blood which breaks out upon the surface in physical evils... Lord, brand upon my heart the need of plague-stricken, hungering, leprous India, that time and prayer and life itself may be given for its redemption."

At the end of his first year in India, he had a temporary but deep depression of spirit. The conditions about him were more terrible than ~~xxxx~~<sup>even</sup> he had anticipated, and the difficulty of winning converts among high caste Hindus was far greater than he had expected. The contrast between what he wanted to do and what he was able to do was agonizing to his soul. He was working too hard, living under too much tension, having trouble sleeping at night, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and had no home of his own. Then he had an experience which was to affect all the rest of his life. Let him tell tell about it,

Too tired to kneel, I lay on my face and cried for help in order to find the way out... Of a sudden with all the objectivity of a spoken voice the truth became claimant: "Whoever drinks and keeps drinking of the water of life I shall give him shall never thirst again. This water of life (the life of God in the soul of man shared with his fellowmen) shall become like a well, like a spring, like a fountain leaping up forever in fresh life within him." With new faith I arose that morning. My weariness and nervous tension occasioned by inner conflict were gone, I was whole again, unified in psychological health. Something happened that I cannot altogether account for, and it wrought a lasting change in my life. The old thirst and ~~xxxx~~ unrest have never come back.

To the abiding nature of the change that came over him, those of us who have known him intimately through the decades can bear witness. To an almost incredible degree, he has remained free from anxiety, worry, depression of spirit, and fear.

In 1900 Mr. Eddy sent home a report letter describing the awful famine prevailing. His description was so realistic and his appeal for funds so eloquent that \$17,000 rolled in from many lands.

The devotion and zeal of Sherwood Eddy proved to be a spiritual tonic to his fellow missionaries. Forty years later Herbert F. LaFlamme sent to him this vivid recollection,



In the late nineties, under your leadership, a small group of missionaries met in the firewood depot, Kodaikanal, South India, and at your suggestion took the experience of Finney of Oberlin as our guide and prayed for the endowment of the Holy Spirit in power. We got what we sought. We passed this on to our fellow missionaries in Kodaikanal. Our experience was repeated in the four corners of India. There followed one of the most remarkable revivals ever experienced by our Indian Christians.

At the end of his first term, he exclaimed,

Never have I known the preciousness and reality of Christ, and never have I seen the beauty and the meaning of His teaching as when thrown in glorious relief against the darkness, the despair and the hopelessness of heathenism (many years later Sherwood Eddy was to write, "as I re-read these old letters, at the age of eighty, I am amazed and often ashamed of the language and ideas of the early letters; in the missionary language of the earlier day, I speak of 'natives' where I would now say Indians, or 'heathen' where I would now say non-Christians).

And on his homeward voyage, for the first furlough, he cried out,

I thank God a thousand times for the joy of being a missionary and for the privilege of working in India. I know now that in any environment and in any land Jesus satisfies. He has been more real, more near, a more precious and constant companion than any earthly one, however near and dear.

It is really impossible to convey to the reader the intensity of the feeling which pervades the letters written by Mr. Eddy during those days. His soul thirsted for God, as a deer longs for water in a dry and parched land. He loved the Lord Jesus with surpassing fervor, and yearned utterly to be an eloquent witness for him. No assurance was so certain with him as that Jesus is able to give power for holy living.

Little wonder, then, that he called personal evangelism the greatest work in the world, and he practiced it with such unflagging zeal. Urgently and desperately even, he was trying to save souls. Not from the burning, because he never believed in hell-fire theology. His home training and his theological study had deepened in him convictions about the holiness and love and mercy of God. That a human soul should be burned everlastingly in a lake of fire was an abhorrent idea to him.

To this day he tells about arguments he had with a Princeton theological professor who taught the damnation in brimstone forever of unrepentant sinners. In their student volunteer days, he and Henry Luce and Horace Pitkin told John R. Mott and D. Willard Lyon that they rejected the hell-fire theory and were not going to preach it. When he had reached the age of eighty-two, Sherwood was still expressing dissent from the practice of J. Campbell White and Robert E. Speer in public meetings of asking for a full minute of silence, while they ticked off the number of souls lost with every passing second.

Mr. Eddy believed in the lostness of many human souls, and fervently sought to bring about their salvation. All about him he saw appalling evidence of lostness. That many is a sinner, he never doubted. That Christ is able to save men, he was certain. He saw what happened when men left God out of their lives, and when the gods they worshipped were themselves immoral. In sheer contrast loomed the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus Sherwood Eddy could say with the Apostle Paul, for me to live is Christ, and say it truly. There was never any doubt in his mind about the priceless worth of the Christian Gospel. He was conscious of possessing a precious word which he knew was urgently needed in India, as elsewhere in the world. In ringing tones he preached Jesus and his Father and his way of life as the means of man's redemption.

He held some ideas then which he no longer holds, and often expressed himself in language which he does not now use. Here are illustrations,

Plague, cholera and leprosy, poverty, famine and distress, are but the eruptions of sin, the judgments of God pronounced in Deut. 28... Many a doorstep showed the visit of the death angel, and many an empty house the judgment of God... But far worse than physical disease, the devil as a roaring lion is seeking whom he may devour... From conference to conference, from college to college, province to province, from village to village, from lip to lip the song shall be caught up - till He come! ... I have time to write one

word more. There is no question what to write. It is this. Pray! Till He come... We found this station very rainy, and sometimes the rain threatened to break up the meetings, but repeatedly, in answer to prayer, the rain stopped just in time... In Coonoor, the rain began to pour down after the opening of the meeting. I knew that I could not make the people hear, so I told the Lord about it, and asked Him to strengthen my throat or stop the rain. I got up to speak, confident that He would do this, and ~~went on speaking~~ as I read the text the rain ceased. In my heart I praised Him, and went on speaking. Months before, in this same rainy place, in open air meetings among the soldiers, He had stopped the rain so often for us in answer to prayer that I have ceased to doubt that He controls the weather, and that He answers prayer.

Whatever the reader may think about praying for rain, and whatever Mr. Eddy now thinks about it (years later with a blue pencil he under-scored in this letter, repeatedly, in answer to prayer, the rain stopped, and in the margin made a huge blue exclamation mark), the significance of these quotations is found in the evidence they provide of Sherwood Eddy's awareness of the presence of God, his trust in him, and his un-failing gratitude. At the age of eighty, as he looked back over his life, he wrote, "We believed that we were enacting and writing contemporary chapters of the Acts. We all had the same spirit, fervid, somewhat fanatical and narrow." Indeed, you cannot escape the feeling that Sherwood Eddy would have been a worthy and honored colleague of St. Paul!

At any rate, he cared deeply for human beings and sought their redemption. In one of his early letters he wrote,

At a railway station a native gentleman asks me for the best authority upon the American revolution. The conversation takes a deeper turn, and he shakes hands, giving his word to read the New Testament with open mind. In the train is an attractive Parsee boy. I cannot keep from putting my arm around him as I tell again the old sweet story which sounds so new out here in India. The seed is sown and we exchange a loving goodbye, knowing that if the truth takes hold it will cost him persecution and the loss of all things. Yet Heaven is on the horizon here in India, and a life that costs us something brings God near.

This same spirit went into Mr. Eddy's public addresses. Men needed salvation, they needed the victory and the joy which comes through Christ. Up and down the land he went, pouring out his soul, never

sparing himself, expecting that by all means he would win some. Every address was itself a prayer to God for divine aid. He looked upon himself as a mouthpiece through whom God would tell the glad news.

After two years of speaking in English to college students, Sherwood Eddy made the drastic decision to study Tamil and work with the masses, and to give himself especially to the training of Indian pastors for the work of evangelism. Since the beginning of Christian missions in India, rare indeed had been the baptism of a high caste Hindu convert. Mr. Eddy concluded that this work would have to be done eventually by the Indian Christian Church, purified and empowered, and to this task he gave ~~himself~~ the full measure of his devotion.

He took a mission station in South India at Batlagundu, far down in the tropics, ten degrees above the equator. In that station there were fifty schools, sixty churches, about one hundred Indian workers, teachers and pastors, with a boarding school for a hundred students being trained for high school and college. Eddy made phenomenal progress in his study of Tamil, and learned to speak it proficiently and rapidly.

One of his major responsibilities was the training of a score of theological students for the work of the ministry. He adopted the novel and daring plan of conducting their ministerial training out on the field; three weeks out of every four, for ten months, being spent in evangelistic work in the villages. Listen to this description,

At four or five o'clock every morning our little American alarm clock would sputter in the darkness, and immediately from the score of workers in the adjoining tert there rose the sound of a Tamil lyric. After our "morning watch" by candlelight, and a cup of coffee, we were off in half a dozen parties of three or four each to visit the villages within a four-miles radius. Entering a village we would strike up with a violin and a Tamil song; the crowd gathered, as we spoke in the street and interviewed the people personally. After a long morning's work, visiting several villages, we returned to camp, exhausted by the tropical sun,



for the mid-day meal, and a nap, before the study hour and the daily theological class with the students in the tent. In the afternoon we visited the nearer villages, and at night in the neighboring town some hundreds eagerly followed the magic lantern story of the life of Christ. As we walked through the fields each day I would take a mile or two alone with each man. We would first take ~~subject~~ up the problems of his own life. Then I would assign him a text or two and give him time to prepare an outline for a sermon or address, which we would later discuss. About the finest compliment I ever received was to overhear the students one day, saying in the vernacular, "He is a native, he is one of us except in color."

Probably the most important work that Mr. Eddy did in India was the winning and training of young Indians for Christian leadership. For this task he was superbly equipped, young, tireless, radiant, affectionate, considerate. Without a trace of race prejudice, his heart went out in tender yearning over the young Indians who came under his spell. About half of his time was spent in the colleges, chiefly the Christian institutions, and in student conferences along the lines of Northfield, Geneva, Blue Ridge and Asilomar in the United States. The other half was devoted to his work in the mission station and his evangelistic work in the villages.

Some of his friends will tell you that the most significant thing Sherwood Eddy did while in India was to make a powerful and formative impact on V. S. Azariah, who became the first Anglican Indian bishop and one of the most influential leaders of his generation. In 1898 Sherwood wrote about his warm friend,

a young man with a bright face, a heart as true as gold, and a character that is a shining testimony for Christ. There are few Christian college men at home who could compare with him in a deep intelligent Christian life.

Four years later Eddy wrote,

In answer to prayer God has given a native fellow worker who is one of the finest men I have ever known. He is from the Christian college in Madras. A man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, and a man of prayer. I am never with him but I get some new lesson in the humility of Jesus,

or some new things which God has brought him. In July we begin a three months' tour through three of the largest missions in India.

Many years later Mr. Eddy wrote,

Vethanayahan Samuel Azariah was the first India I met when I arrived in Calcutta in 1896, and for fifteen years he was my best friend, Indian or foreign. Since we were both entering Y. M. C. A. work together as young secretaries - I was twenty-five and he was some two years younger - we had much in common. Both were adventuring into new experiences in new fields where we were beyond our depths and had to sink or swim. I remember an early conversation between us that was crucial. When I questioned Azariah about our friendship, he replied that he supposed we were as close friends as an Indian and a foreigner could ever be. This seemed to imply that he felt some subtle racial barrier between us and that I would be kept at arm's length in a sort of second-class friendship. When I showed that his attitude struck me like a blow, he was amazed that any foreigner would want a complete and equal friendship with an Indian.

In imagination we can see these inseparable friends and fellow workers; both of them young, overflowing with the spirit of Christ, selfless in their devotion, fearless in proclaiming the good news, bound together by the cords of mutual affection. They read the Bible together, studied theology together, prayed together, traveled together, preached together, and together were marvelously blessed of God. Just how much of the privileged young American's life flowed into the future bishop, and just how much he himself received from his Indian friend, only the final accounting will reveal.

Mr. Eddy exercised inestimable influence on another future bishop. In 1905 at a meeting in Trichinopoly, South India, was a young student Abraham, who listened to a vigorous indictment of his own church as being asleep for hundreds of years, followed by a vigorous word about the selfishness of many students. This young man was convicted and could not shake off the feeling that he ought to give his life to the awakening of the church and the service of his people. In time he